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G. I. Leaton Blumensoff

FRANCOMANIA,

Hoppyland Castle

FRENCH MADNESS;

OR

THE TRAVELS

OF

THE D—L AND FOLLY

IN

FRANCE, LEIGE, BRABANT, &c.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

F. De V. V. E. S.

Non satis est risu diducere rictum
Auditoris; et hic quoque virtus: ridiculum acri
Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat res.

HOR.

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1794.

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TO
ALL THE GREAT MEN
IN
GREAT BRITAIN.

GENTLEMEN,

As the Author and Translator are equally unknown to you, and you to them; and as this little volume may never have the good fortune to fall into your hands, or the honour of a perusal though it should; there will be the less danger of giving offence by any thing personal, either in putting you to the blush, by rehearsing the virtues, or exposing the vices of individuals; or in animadverting upon public measures. They beg leave however to request the favour of your countenance and protection, should you ever happen to hear of them; for they can assure you they are Friends to just and lawful govern-
A ment;

ment;—Friends to the Constitution, and to the Religion of their country. They wish well to all ranks in the state; but give you the trouble of reading this address, should it ever fall in your way, chiefly to shew you that they wish to bestow honour and respect where these are most deservedly due. They remain with the most profound deference to your characters, persons, and fortunes,

Gentlemen,

Your most obedient,

(they will be happy to have it in their power to add) and obliged

humble servants,

THOUGH UNKNOWN.

P R E F A C E.

THAT vice and folly are the original causes of human misery, is a truth that will readily be admitted by every party. To personify the principles of human depravity, is an idea that can, by no means, lay claim to the charm of novelty. In fact, few of our ideas can. But, though another claim the merit of the discovery, and though the train of thought be generally known; yet the author who improves upon the hint of another, or presents any subject of general importance, though common, in an agreeable dress, so as to please the imagination, and fix the attention, will deservedly claim a favourable reception from the public. Thus too, even the subordinate office of a Translator, may be intitled to the thanks of the community.

Of all the subjects that amuse the fancy, fix the attention, and affect the heart, none are of equal importance with Politics and Religion. These are subjects by which the

A 2

interest

interest and the happiness of all ranks, and of each individual in the state, are affected either here or hereafter. Yet it is singular enough to observe, that even those people who have good sense enough to be silent, with respect to the principles of any other branch of science, which they have never made the subject of their particular study, decide in such a peremptory manner respecting the most abstruse points in these, as would tempt one to imagine that they meant to arrogate to themselves the attributes of omniscience and infallibility. It has been alledged too that their presumption is in general, in pretty exact proportion to their inability to comprehend the subject in question.—Be that as it will, many can listen to a story, who could not comprehend the force of a long continued chain of metaphysical argument however conclusive. Hence those who taught by fable and allegory had both fewer prejudices to combat, and made a more lasting impression on the minds of their hearers, than

than those who directly attacked their vices or follies in express terms.

People see things, too, in a favourable light, or otherwise, according to their particular turn of thinking, or temper of mind at the time, whether arising from constitution, from habit or accidental circumstances. The melancholy and the merry; the grave and the gay; the thoughtful and the giddy; people in high and in low life, are very differently affected by similar or even by the same occurrences. To put people in good humour; to direct the mind from dwelling on some trifle that their chagrin may have magnified into a matter of importance, by setting before them the greater real sufferings and miseries of others;—by exhibiting, in a pleasing manner, different characters, and different modes of thinking, may at times have a better effect than laboured and dry disquisition however replete with solidity of argument and depth of erudition.

ADDRESS

TO THE MOB.

“BUT who would not be a *Patriot*, and a *Friend of the People*? cries a popular Demagogue. Who that has the spirit of a man does not feel his breast glow with ardour for the enjoyment of liberty? Who would not venture his person and fortune in support of the Rights of Man, and in defence of the honour of his country?”—Ruin seize the wretch that would not, say I.—But I also, however unfriended and unknown, lay claim to the glorious title of Patriot and Friend of the People, if you admit these terms in their genuine meaning. . Nay I go a step farther; I would even wish to introduce a Reform. I hope also to establish the validity of my claim, if you admit as the definition of a Patriot, That he is one, who studies, and endeavours to promote the true interest of his country; and if you will also admit

as.

as proof, that he who lives peaceably and in obedience to the laws of his country, in proportion to the extent of his knowledge and abilities, performs his duty in his station, whether high or low, promotes the interest of his country along with his own; and that those alone are *Friends of the People*, who consider the people as made up of the several ranks and professions in the state; who consider obedience to the laws as *liberty*; and security of life and property as the *Rights of Man*.—I would gladly set up for a *reformer* too, though I am rather somewhat afraid of the imputation of singularity and of being out of the fashion: but would all the pretended Friends of the People join me and follow my plan, we should soon have rare doings, and have just as much *liberty and equality* as we could reasonably wish. In short, my plan is this, though I am afraid it is too simple ever to be adopted, That each individual begin with reforming whatever he can find amiss in his own conduct, or superfluous in his expenditure, and shew
by

by his attention to his own affairs, that he deserves to be entrusted with the management of those of others.

But if my Readers do not like this plan, they may consult the Author's epistle to Baron Hallberg: and if they do not chuse to follow either his advice or mine; or that of much better men, they may go on——

TO THE DEVIL, &c. &c.

A LETTER

A LETTER

FROM THE AUTHOR

TO BARON HALLBERG.

IN your last, my dear Baron, you ask me the cause of the French Revolution, an event to which History furnishes us with nothing that can be mentioned as a parallel.

Luxury and self-conceit gave it birth : the ambition, the vanity of some, and the jealousy of others have conducted it to that degree of outrage, which at present excites the indignation of all Europe.

Such was the cause of the decline and downfall of the Greek and Roman Empire. From their fate, we learn, that there is a period after which all grandeur, all power, naturally precipitate themselves towards destruction.

This is a disagreeable truth ; but, taking the annals of the world in our hand, let us
traverse

traverse the globe in its full extent, and every step that we take, will furnish us with the most authentic proofs to confirm it.

The violent shock which at present so dreadfully agitates the kingdom of France, may, philosophically, be regarded as one of those which we see in the circle of political revolution. Meanwhile, we may also assure ourselves, that this monarchy will arise again, crushing the monstrous factions which at present dishonour and tear it to pieces. We have still greater reason to expect this, since the combination of the great powers of Europe announces a determined resolution, of extirpating for ever, that anti-social principle, which, after having turned France upside down, still threatens all regular governments with a like subversion.—

Harpies and vultures, whom favour or fortune, rather than merit or birth, had placed at court, incessantly preyed upon the nation. They alone enjoyed all dignities and lucrative employments. The royal treasury seemed to be replenished for the sole purpose of
supplying

supplying their excessive prodigality, at the expence of the multitude who bewailed their distresses in vain.

Abuses had crept in and prevailed equally in every branch of the administration. They were felt by the monarch, who bore in his heart the most earnest desire, for the happiness of his subjects.

A mistaken and imprudent policy counselled him to convoke the States General, though a single glance of the eye, cast on the history of former convocations, might have been sufficient to enable any one to predict the result of their deliberations.—The ambitious believed the conjuncture favourable for securing to themselves, for ever, their great places under government, to the exclusion of those who might aspire to attain them, in consequence of their rank or their merit. Thence forward they formed the project of overturning entirely the old constitution, which, during the space of four hundred years, had rendered the French monarchy the most flourishing and the most formidable

formidable of any in Europe. To accomplish their aim, it was necessary to gain over the people, always credulous through ignorance, or incredulous through prejudice. A pretended friendship for the people and zeal for their interest, was one of their great instruments. They made choice of a chief, worthy of their union, but who had not even the courage and the genius of a Cartouche or of a Mandarin, a pick-pocket, a smuggler, or a highwayman. (A)

This chief, however shocking the name, was Philip Egalite. Though of high rank, a Coachman would have blushed to have acknowledged him for his son. Aiming at sovereignty, he first disgraced and then renounced his titles; but not till his crimes had degraded and rendered him unworthy of the name of a man. The offspring of criminal intercourse, his heart was the haunt of every species of wickedness. He was always a bad son, a bad husband, a bad father; and if at times he caressed his children, it was from the hope of perpetuating
in

in them, all those vices which actuated his own worthless existence.—Such in short was this monster, who, in contempt of the ties of blood, and every restraint of the laws, both of which he renounced, without a blush pronounced aloud his vote for the death of the best and most virtuous of kings, in the fond hope, no doubt, *of occupying the throne himself*; but he was a character too mean to mount so high.

His incapacity was well known; but his immense fortune, his credit, his rank might be serviceable to the factious who set him in the van. Quickly there associated with him robbers and vagabonds from all countries. These converted a nation renowned for gentleness and urbanity, into a race of savages whom Europe astonished, *names* with horror.—But whither does that indignation, which I share in common with all good Frenchmen, hurry me?

I have already answered your enquiry. I pretend not to any further knowledge that would enable me to investigate the political

B

causes

causes of our revolution. I wish not to fatigue you with reflections, mournful and afflicting, you are already but too grave; for my own part, I am ~~not~~ gay enough, to dwell on the subject.

I shall therefore attempt to delineate to you in other colours, the true causes of the Revolution in France, and the neighbouring countries: the whole being intended more amply to gratify your wishes. It is an instance of complaisance, which will overcome the natural indolence of my temper. I owe it also to friendship, for of all the German Barons alive, you are the one whom I most esteem, though you are the most *meagre*. The good qualities of your head and heart recommend you more to my regard, than the plump figure of a jolly monk ever could. The reason is evident.

You have often advised me to employ, in writing, talents which your friendship supposed me to possess, but with which I was never blest; for there is a vast difference between one's not being a fool, and being a
man

man of genius. Besides, my dear Baron, to produce any work fit for the public eye, the mind requires a state of tranquillity and repose which I am far from enjoying. Nevertheless I shall attempt for a little, to divert myself from more serious thoughts and painful reflections, by writing you a few trifles, to amuse you for a quarter of an hour: it will be, at the same time, so much good done to myself.

So many Scribblers have made the press groan under a load of absurdity, that I also may venture to print as well as they. Besides I shall have less to reproach myself with, for I shall be more laconic.

I wish to dissipate, for a moment, the gloom that the serious study to which you devote yourself, to the injury and ruin of your health, spreads sometimes over your mind.

If I succeed, my object shall be attained, and I shall, on that account, think myself bound to pay a compliment to my night-gown, my night-cap and slippers: for, not being happy enough to profit by the sweets

which sleep procures for the most unfortunate, I employ my time in an undress, to fatigue my eyes and my pen. You tell me you would wish to pass your life with me, I am of the same way of thinking with regard to you.

No person in the world is more disposed than I am, to cherish sentiments of mutual affection, nor knows better how to put a value upon true friendship, which every instant produces enjoyments, of which minds, endowed with sensibility, alone can know the sweets. This sentiment, which ought to constitute the happiness of my life, is the cause of its misery, in consequence of error which has made me too often mistake a shadow for a reality. If I should dwell on such disagreeable reflections, I should, every hour of the day, upbraid Dame Nature for having classed me among creatures that speak. But such is the world: we come into it weeping, and every day tells us why. Meantime, my dear Baron, we must endeavour to find out the means of chearing our spirits,

rits, of enlivening life, or, at least, of beguiling the misery of existence. Such is the philosophy that I wish to adopt, to study and put in practice, to the utmost of my power; and my resolution is so firmly fixed, that should I see all our Deputies to the National Convention broken on the wheel, I should only laugh at the sight. Amen.

Truth accosting us with a gay and smiling air, frequently strikes and gains more upon some minds, than the finest chain of logical reasoning. This little volume contains truths, though I may seem to speak in jest. Its simple stile will make it to be understood by all. I wish it all success, and a ready and extensive sale.

If chance procure it the honour of falling into the hands of any people of high rank, and if it amuse them a little, that would be what I might wish rather than hope, and it would give *me* pleasure to contribute to *their's*. *

B 3

If

* This probably was intended as a compliment to the Emigrant Princes, but there would be no harm in applying the same compliment when presented, with equal sincerity at home.

If in any passage, there may be some little word, that may take by surprise, and excite unawares a smile on the lip of an affected prudish dame, she will be so good as excuse it, on account of the moral which she will there discover.

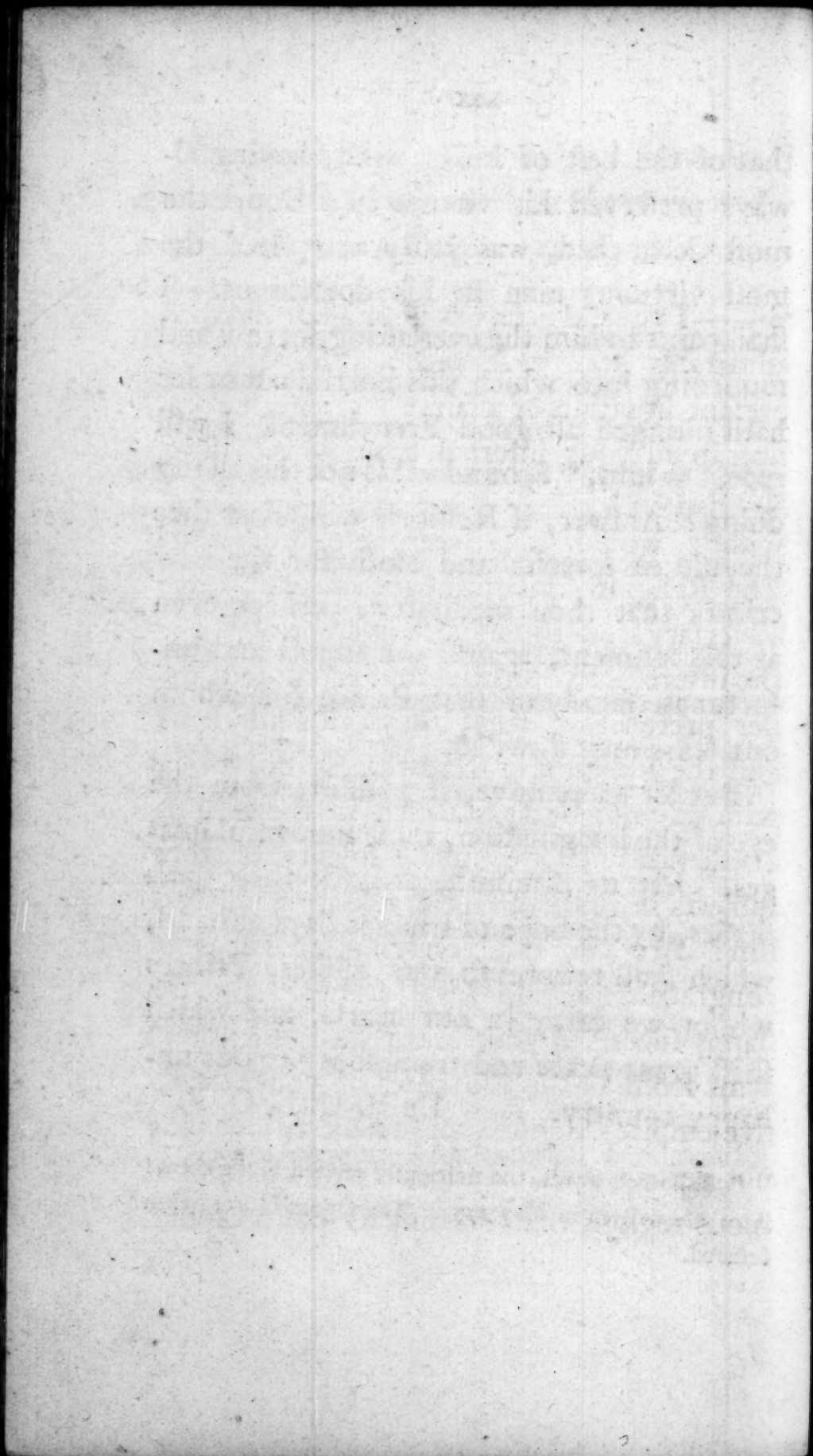
Some Aristocrate will take it amiss, that I make one of that character appear on the stage. I reply, that all extremes are ridiculous, and fit subjects for satire; that a violent Aristocrate is a fool;—a violent Democrate, a scoundrel.—The latter in his turn will be displeased, and will cry *a la lanterne*, to the gallows, and give me as bad names as I can give him.—Then I shall reckon up to him the number of innocent victims which have by his rage been butchered. Perhaps, I shall surprise even himself, having still in his hands the knife, dropping with the blood of a mother alarmed for the life of her infant, and stabbed while she covered it with her body. I shall show him the mangled corpse of the amiable and good, the Princess of Lamballe; and, to conclude,
that

that of the best of kings, who, having always preserved his virtues in a Court the most debauched, was justly accounted the most virtuous man in his dominions. I shall paint to him the everlasting sorrow and mourning into which this horrible murder hath plunged all good Frenchmen. I will repeat to him, "Scoundrel! Is not this all thy doing? Answer, if Remorse will allow thee the use of speech: and blush for the new crimes that thou meditatest, perhaps even at this moment, against the august and unfortunate family of that Prince for whom our tears now flow." *

But let us remove, if possible, from the eye of the imagination, those mournful images. Let us diminish, at least, their dark shades, by the hope of happier days at hand, which shall restore to our wishes, Princes whom we carry in our hearts, and which shall grant peace and tranquillity to our unhappy country.

De V. U. E. Q. F.

* Ill boding words, too unhappily verified in the event! This was written in May 1793. The Queen had not then suffered.



TO THE D——L.

B——T your Majesty but your affairs succeed admirably well in France! What joy the present situation of affairs there, must occasion in all your infernal dominions? Were things to be conducted according to your wishes, would you have them otherwise? The Religion and influence of your great adversary seem to be quite overthrown, and the interest of your kingdom promoted, under pretence of what they call Philosophy and the Religion of Nature. Is not every wish of your heart gratified in the willing obedience and affectionate loyalty of your subjects in that land of infidelity and atheism? Are you not receiving embassies of congratulation and loyal addresses on the happy success of your Majesty's councils and arms from all the provinces of your extensive empire? Bonfires and feaux de joye may not perhaps exhaust the fuel in those sulphureous regions that encompass your capital,
but

but yet, from their frequency the expediture must undoubtedly be very considerable. While human blood flows in such copious streams and deluges the empurpled earth;— While those delights of a cruel, revengeful and malicious mind, which mortals had formerly stigmatized with the hated name of crimes;—while these abound, and are applauded as proofs of superior wisdom and genius; what pleasure must the view of such scenes afford to your diabolic bosom!

Never was union and alliance more happy than that of your Majesty with the princess Folly. She has long indeed been your firm friend and faithful ally, upon many other occasions as well as the present, and has greatly promoted the interest of the empire of darkness. If your influence and power extend to other planets as much as they do to this; and if she be as great a favourite with the inhabitants of other worlds as of this, great and weighty must be the affairs of state that solicit your Majesty's attention, numberless your subjects, and ample

ple the revenues of your extensive dominions.—But if you be only the minister of justice, compelled through necessity, to inflict the punishment due to those who transgress the law of their nature; how fast your labour encreases! How vast your drudgery! How much you are to be pitied; if mortals could indulge the sentiment of pity, for one who makes the torture of others his task from choice!

Whether the report be true, relative to your travels and sentiments, as contained in the following pages, they certainly do you much honour. But it is so much the fashion upon earth to honour and adore you, that one need not be surpris'd at it. Another circumstance also tends to moderate our astonishment at what is at present going on, under your inauspicious reign, when we consider that your influence has, in general, been exerted on the human passions; and that though politics be no new subject, yet when combined with others, it is a powerful cause of exciting these in all
their

their wild turbulence and outrageous fury. You seem to exhibit the present anarchy and mis-rule in France as a master-piece of your policy and power : but the violent exertion now made, would lead one to suspect that you had some presentiment that your influence and power were soon to receive a check ; and that the present is something like a last attempt to retrieve your ruined and desperate fortune. At the same time one cannot help being a little surprized that so able a politician should pursue his measures with such keenness, while there is a probability that their violence may defeat the end in view.

However intimate the Author may have been with you or with any of your emissaries, from whom he derived his information, with regard to your motions and designs, the Translator deems all information from such a source as rather suspicious. It were mean to insult fallen greatness, but he has no hesitation in saying, that he does not wish to cultivate any more immediate
or

or intimate acquaintance with you, or with any of your confidential servants. Equally detesting your character and theirs, and abhorring the mischief of which you are the authors, he considers you under the figure of a mad mastiff, snarling and growling at the end of his chain, and bids you either be quiet, or else you may go on and be * * * * *



TRAVELS IN EUROPE, &c.

CHAP. I.

Lucifer resolving to visit in person, France, Liege, and Brabant, sends a special messenger to Folly, to beg the favour of her company on this expedition.

LE Diable boiteux, the lame Devil, the limping Devil, the Devil upon crutches, or whatever other name you may wish to distinguish him by, a personage very generally known, having ended his long and tedious travels, had returned to the regions below, very well satisfied with what he had seen upon earth. His return caused great joy; all the devils receive him with open arms. ‘Welcome, Friend,’ said Lucifer, addressing him, ‘this ought to be a day of rejoicing; we shall empty together a hundred thousand hogheads of the best wine.’
—— ‘Let them roast us a hundred thou-

band of those late-come rascals,' said he to his Steward.

The elder Mirabeau, who was of the number, was somewhat alarmed, for he was always afraid to stand fire: but the fellow had some genius. He persuaded all the devils that he would be of use to enliven the feast, which saved him from broiling for that day.

The feast was soon served up. Mirabeau seated himself by the side of the lame Devil, whom he took for Taleyrand, late Bishop of Autun, and besides a Deputy to the National Assembly. It is astonishing, said Mirabeau, how much he resembles him!

The Devils have a stomach like fire: they do nothing but twist and swallow. They were quickly at the desert. Each sung his little catch; Mirabeau his.

How happy is one in the midst of his friends.

Delighted with harmony humour and glee!

On these love and drinking true pleasure depends;

What happier in heaven could one hope to be?

And all the devils join in the chorus.

After

After the song had gone round, Lucifer gave a grin, which was the signal of rising from table to go to the drawing room.

Come, says he to the limping Devil, to amuse us after dinner, tell us what you have seen most curious and worthy of notice in that planet which you have so lately traversed. Let each take his seat and keep silence. Instantly all the Devils seated themselves upon their hams, with their elbows on their knees, their heads resting on their hands, with their long jaws gaping wide, their ears prickd up, and their eyes fixed on the speaker. One would have heard even the foot of a fly. Their silent attention was only interrupted from time to time with Bravo! our affairs go rarely in France: and sometimes with that infernal song *ca ira, ca ira.*

Asmodeus had already mentioned the affairs in France, and their proceedings for several years successively. He had not yet come to a close, when Lucifer, taking advantage of the moment when he happened to sneeze,

asked him, 'What say they of me in that extravagant country?'

My Lord, supreme Devil and Sovereign of all possible worlds, replied Asmodeus, falling prostrate before him, upon earth, truth seldom approaches the ear of princes, but it is otherwise in your dominions. I shall therefore give you, with all freedom, the result of my observations.

Few people there at present seem to believe in your existence. They seem to speak of you only to frighten children and the mob. But what would distress me still more, were I not assured of the good sense of your subjects, My Lord, is a NATIONAL CONVENTION that exists in France, which turns every thing topsy-turvy, and seizes property of every kind. The members of this assembly have sworn to cherish in themselves, and excite in others, an implacable aversion and hatred to all kings. They indeed intend to govern the whole world themselves. They make one half of the people butcher the other, to leave only their foolish partisans

fans, the majority of whom is composed of malefactors and robbers, whom they call *Sans culottes*. These people, drawn together from all parts of the world, in consequence of their thirst for gold and wickedness, are entirely devoted to them. As they have nothing to lose, they hope to gain, and wish to seize every thing. In short, my Lord, judge of the excess of their delirium from the following fact: I heard one of their orators repeat at the tribune of the Assembly. *Let us make war upon all kings: let us pursue them, if necessary, even to the gates of hell.*

At these words, Lucifer feels his blood boil; he moves his left eyebrow; hell trembles and pours forth such torrents of liquid fire as had never been before observed: all its inhabitants falling prostrate before him howling, begged his permission to form themselves into a national militia to go and roast those miscreants.—No, no, replies Lucifer, I wish to go myself to convince those villains both of my wrath and of my power.

er. On my return, Asmodeus shall finish his story, and I shall add my remarks.

Instantly, he gives orders for his departure, and instructions to his ministers with respect to the administration of affairs during his absence, enjoining them to burn to a cinder immediately every French Patriot the moment of his arrival, lest they might tamper with his subjects and induce them to revolt.—Ten thousand little young Devils, acting as pages, are ready, and rub their hands for joy, because they are about to set out on a journey that will afford them nice gleanings.

Illustrious sovereign, said the president of his privy council, permit your most devoted servant respectfully to suggest a hint. To prevent the uneasy sensations arising from the irksomeness of a long journey alone, take FOLLY along with you. This Divinity is very much respected among mankind, particularly in the country you propose to visit. She will be the more agreeable company

pany, that she has always been friendly to your interest.

Your reflection appears to me the effect of an enlightened understanding; I approve it, says Lucifer, and consequently I name you my Ambassador for this purpose to wait on HER MAJESTY. Set out, and return quickly.—

The President, happy in being favoured with the attention of his Sovereign, and vain, as a peacock, with the title of *Excellency*, sets out under the appearance of a flash of lightning in an electric *cloud*, accompanied by one of the winds, which engages to convey him *post*.

To find this Princess was no easy matter, for she is always on the ramble. But it was well known that, for some years past, she has incessantly run up and down through France, Brabant, Liege and Holland. His excellency made inquiry of all the other winds that he met. The north-wind informs him that she is in Holland; but that she intends to make her stay there very short.

Come,

Come, friend, says she to the wind, blow, blow strong; let us mend our pace. Never wind was so furious. He crosses the seas, causes several vessels to be swallowed up by the raging billows, lays waste the plains, sets on fire several villages, all for his amusement, and to give him an air of importance. Happily the journey was not of long duration; otherwise he had turned the whole world topsy-turvy.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Folly, met with in Amsterdam conversing with a rich Burgo-master, graciously receives Lucifer's Ambassador.

HE arrives at Amsterdam, and leaves without the gate, the cloud and the wind to wait his return. The one, to pass the time, poured down upon the good folks in Holland, a terrible shower of hail, the other amused himself with blowing it against their glass windows, and left not a pane unbroken. The more people swore, the more they laught.

A devil is never at a loss; ours was at none to find in this immense city, of which each quarter is so like the rest, the place where the princess was busy.

He observed, in the street, a young man with a very fierce looking cocked hat, with half his face hid in a piece of muslin in form of a cravat. His breeches were so tight
that

that he could not bend his knee, but walked like a man with two wooden legs. He had thirty yards of ribbon at each knee, by way of ornament, and in his hand a bit of a cudgel, about a foot long, as a play thing to *keep his hand in exercise*: with his nose high in the air, he observed every thing and saw nothing; smiled upon every pretty lady that past; and thought it very extraordinary that she said nothing to him. ‘How charming you are’—‘I lodge in such a place.’

Our old Devil, who, from his long intercourse with men, and knowledge of the world, is at least as skilful a Physiognomist as the famous Swiss Doctor, Lavater, accosts this genius with, “Pray sir, could you tell me where Madam Folly may be found?” ‘You could not have applied to a better hand,’ replies the buck: you will find her at the rich merchant Mynheer Van Blanks, in the Broad Street.’ ‘Thank ye, Sir.’—In a twinkling he is there. As the Devils have the privilege of introducing themselves without the

the formality of previous notice, or even of sending in their names, he walks in *sans ceremonie*, and goes straight up stairs to the lady's apartment. However he had the discretion not to enter too abruptly without knowing whether she were engaged. He peeps through the key-hole and observes her in conversation with the Gentleman in whose house she lodged. He hears her saying to him 'Come, my good friend, away with those scruples that embarrass you and cramp that courage, that republican spirit, which has always distinguished the brave Batavians. It is time to shake off the yoke of Tyrants. The French set you the example, and offer to befriend and protect you. Ah! how I do love those French! There is no nation in the world among whom I am so happy. You see with what courage they destroy and overturn whatever resists their patriotism: you see how they have broken the chains that held in slavery the inhabitants of Frankfort, of Brabant, of Leige.—In France, they have overturned the throne:

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and the Sans Cullottes, rich as Cræsus, enjoy the blessings of Equality, and are sovereigns. They have had the spirit to expel those privileged *casts*, who, in consequence of services rendered to their country, from time immemorial, enjoyed titles and honours to which brick-layers and barrow-men could never pretend. Trust me, join the party that invites them hither. Your immense fortune will raise you to the highest offices of state. Renounce the opinion that seduces you with respect to the rights of your Prince. Is it because he is sprung of the illustrious blood of heroes that you respect him? Is it because he is beneficent and courteous that you love him? Those reasons were good long ago, but they are now out of fashion and out of date. The times and manners are changed, and the French have proved to all Europe the progress of philosophy in enlightening the human understanding. They wish the Batavians to participate their happiness. They have no other object in view but your interest.

rest.' 'Yes, something more,—our stock funds,' replied the rich Banker; 'and I must own to you, Madam, that though you are formed to seduce all hearts, you seduce not my understanding, for I foresee that the French aim rather to overturn all lawful government than to promote general happiness.' 'I am sorry that you entertain such erroneous ideas,' replied Folly, 'you who are a Gentleman of understanding, of great wealth and reputation.'

Saying this the Princess by a dextrous movement of her hand, as it were accidentally, threw aside the lappet of her cap. This discovered a neck, which, though not in its earliest bloom, had still its share of charms. The great Burgo Master, without seeming to notice any thing, directed obliquely his visual rays on that side. The Lady perceiving that he did so, thought she saw the beginning of a defeat, and said in her own mind, Ha, I have him.—She chucks him under the chin. The great man bridles up, and, by a sprightly glance of his eye, lets her

know that he thought her very pretty, though a forry politician. Meanwhile not wishing to expose himself longer to danger in the way of temptation, he takes leave of her to go home and reckon his ducats. ‘I hope,’ says Folly to him, ‘you will make your own reflexions, and that, when I shall have the pleasure of seeing you again, I shall find you more reasonable.’—He retires by the one door, and our ambassador enters by the other. As soon as the Princess perceives him, she runs to him and embraces him. ‘What happy message,’ says she, ‘procures me the pleasure of seeing your sulphureous Excellency here?’

After the first customary compliments, he shews her his credentials, and informs her of the object of his important mission.—‘I shall attend his Majesty, with all my heart,’ replied the Princess; ‘but, before setting out, I should be glad to know how affairs will go in this country, and what will be the success of some strolling Players which I have brought to support my interest. They
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are preparing some pieces for the reception of the French; to be acted here for their entertainment upon their arrival. The French are already masters of a good many places; one more, and we shall soon sing *The Marseillois*. Besides I give audience to day, and then we shall have it in our power to set out immediately: but that you may not fright people by your diabolic figure, hide yourself under my gown. You will hear and see, at your ease, all sorts of strange characters which are always to be found here in great numbers. There are here of all nations: Turks, French, Germans—from Liege and Brabant: in short, in this country you meet people from every quarter of the globe.

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CHAP. III.

Folly gives audience to her various retainers.

Sketches of the characters of several persons attending her court. A Dervise. A minister of state. An old Coquette. An Attorney's Wife. A Tax-gatherer's Lady. A poor Nobleman. An Abbe. A Half-pay Officer. An affected Miss. A Capuchin and female Devotee. A Democate. An Aristocrate. A Stammerer. A Physician and a Taylor's Wife. A Member of the National Assembly and an Engraver.

THEY repair to her hall of audience, where a great deal of company waited her. Among others a Dervise who had been travelling for four years to procure an appetite, to render his rigorous fast more meritorious. This pious Turkish anchorite had cruelly done violence to nature by the help of a razor. He had calculated that in detaching himself from the pleasures of this mean and low world,

world, he would receive them in recompence, an hundred fold, in the paradise that Mahomet hath promised to those who shall observe his law: and although this pious Dervise had rendered himself useless upon earth, both to himself and others, he expected, in the next world, not to be paid off with a planet of the second order. This made Folly laugh heartily, for it was she that had advised him to follow that mode of life, and had buoyed him up with such vain hopes.

A minister of state was relating with much satisfaction, that he had made his sovereign undertake a war in the course of which three hundred thousand brave men were lost on each side:—‘a war,’ he said, ‘indispensibly necessary for the good of the nation; for the point at issue was a crab fishing in a rivulet frequently dry during the heat of Summer.’ At the end of the war, things remained in *statu quo*.

An old Coquette of seventy, whom the pleasures of youth had caused to stoop pretty early, had just been married to her fourth husband,

husband, a young man of a good family, but a younger brother. His healthy looks, in consequence of his having breathed the country air, had made an impression on her tender heart. She was one of those figures, that would have served for a model to Calot. Her eyes, bordered with red, wept incessantly—for the loss of her teeth no doubt, for she had only one stump left. Her vast nose, formed like the extinguisher of a cathedral, or some large funnel, seemed to have increased in size, at the expence of her hollow cheeks. Her chin, of the form and size of a wooden shoe, on which long hairs sprouted so fast you might have seen them grow, had often made the children of the neighbourhood, during the *Christmas* Holidays, mistake her for a man in disguise. In short, she was really a painted skeleton, as she put so much white, black, blue and rouge upon her old shrivelled skin.

‘I do all in my power’ said she ‘to please my little husband; but alas! he appears to be insensible of all my attention,
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and I know why.' At these words a sigh betrayed family secrets, and every body laughed.

She was accompanied by the overgrown fat wife of a little attorney, whose eyes sparkled with joy to find herself at a court where there was no distinction of rank. She thought it a very hard case, that, in other courts, a Duchess could take the step of her, while she could enter the antichamber only on holidays, or days of public rejoicing.

She had the disagreeable habit of always talking of her father, who had during a seven years war, made indeed a great deal of noise, for he was a trumpeter. 'It was he,' she said, 'who directed and commanded both the attack and the retreat.' In short, she ascribed to him the victory in every battle that was gained.

A rich Collector's lady, shrugging up her shoulders, listened to the Attorney's wife 'Money, money,' says she 'that makes people speak, and ought to create distinction, and to mark rank. My husband, who is
nothing

nothing but a fool, passes for a man of genius, because he knows how to spend. Dukes, Princes, Counts, Marquisses, Barons are eager to be admitted to his table; Each of them aspire to the honour of becoming one day my son-in-law. They can refuse him nothing at the minister's, because he knows how to pay, in time and place convenient, the servants and footmen, to flatter their secretaries, and to lend money to their masters.'——'Your husband is a fool as you told us, and you are a shameless woman, Mistress,' said a good Gentleman, newly come from the country for the first time: 'I am as poor as Job, but I would not exchange a single degree of my rank, or count one fewer in the list of my noble ancestors for all your money; (D) Know, Mistress, that people of my rank are not on a level with your's.'——At the word *Mistress*, the Collector's lady, choked with passion, flounces out tossing her head and her fan, saying, '*Mistress, Mistress!* the clownish boor, I shall show him that my head is not the weather

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ther cock of his *castle*. I shall cause my husband buy the Baronie of this man, who has sixteen degrees of rank, and is ruined; we shall see then, whether my eldest son, or the Baron's, will have the preference for a regiment.' She walks off.

A little Abbe, (E) the child of love, though several disputed the honour of being his father, having his head nicely drest with two tiers of large curls, perfumed with odours which he diffused incessantly at the toilette of some pretty lady, humming, in an amorous manner, a little Italian air, while the rest were talking, lamented that he had not been able to procure a Bishoprick; and that, at the age of thirty, he had only eight hundred and fifty pounds a year of a living, out of which he had to pay twenty to a curate, a man of merit, who at the age of eighty had only that to live upon.—'This young man is a fool,' said an old officer, who had a wooden leg, a silver chin, and a glass eye: 'I have only twenty five Pounds a year of pension from Government even paid in paper,

per, upon which I lose a half in discounting it: but, I am contented, because history will make honourable mention of my leg, my chin, and my eye, all lost in the same battle. What an honour for my family!—A little affected Miss hearing the old man speaking in this manner, screams out ‘Oh my God! (at this word the Devil could not help trembling) Oh my God, a man with his limbs chopt off: what horror! what horror! quick, a smelling bottle; I am taken sick; I am dying;’—she faints;—she drops down. Every body hastens to her assistance; but nobody happened to have a smelling bottle. Luckily a very big capuchin happened to be there. He pretended to be a great adept in animal magnetism. He drew near and was about to shew the whole assembly his great skill. The smell of his frock was sufficient. It might have recalled a dead woman to life. (F)

This capuchin was from Brabant, one of that order who had excited with the greatest degree of fanaticism, the inhabitants of
that

fine and happy country to rise in rebellion against their lawful sovereign, to support the pretended rights of their greasy beards. 'Go' said he to his penitents; 'fly to gain the glory of being our defenders: Here take these rags of my old breeches, which shall serve you and your companions in arms as a talismn against every danger.'

'What, is it you' said an old female patriot to him, after having put on her spectacles, 'is it you *most worthy, and most reverend*, Father Bredouille: your presence revives my soul as the sun does the lettuce in my garden. I believed you, at least, hanged; but no; here you are; yes; it is you yourself; what a jolly looking man you are still? Do you recollect, when you were only begging friar for the Convent, the little song that you made on my handsome foot, the burthen of which was,

Pretty little foot, and rolling eye,
 Pretty little rogue so arch and sly,
 Handsome leg and taper thigh,
 Hereabout what pleasures lie!

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Do

Do you recollect a certain summer evening—at the foot of a lime tree—you made me—contemplate the sparkling light of the stars—the leaves hid a part of them from me, but I found no fault with that. Oh how often have I sung

‘I’ll with pleasure remember the jolly Bredouille.’

‘Speak softly,’ said the fat Capuchin, ‘for I wish to be recognized after my death, and that people may read on my tomb, *Here lies the learned Father Bredouille, who by his miracles, astonished the universe.*

Besides I no longer teach either Astronomy or Experimental Philosophy; my instruments are out of order and I cannot afford to buy others; you know that a poor Capuchin never has money. But have a little patience; I am just now applying to alchemy. I hope to find the great art of making gold; yes, gold; and with gold one can get every thing. I shall become Pope then.’ He was continuing his rhapsody when he was interrupted by a pitiful figure who

who with a hoarse voice cried aloud, ' We have no longer any need of a Pope, of Religion, or kings.'

' Bravo,' says the infernal messenger to himself, ' that man speaks like a Devil!—' ' Learn, rascal,' says an Aristocrate, ' that if there were no religion in the world, it would be necessary to establish one; that the world has occasion for kings to govern it, and of laws to cause hang varlets like thee, and all the democrates in France without a single exception.'

' This man has some humour, he is an aristocrate, I suppose,' said a stammering fellow: ' I lo-love these sort of people, fo-fo-for they ma-make me live; since they fled to Co-co-co-blentz my poor wife has died for want of sh-shoes, and for my own part I drink nothing but wa-wa-water.'— This stuttering fellow was right; many others in France could have said as much; but they durst not, for the *lanterne* put cut short long speeches.

‘For my part,’ says a Doctor, ‘I love both parties equally well, whether Aristocrats or Demagogues, when they are sick, and never trouble my head about them when they are in health: but at present they don’t give people time to be sick before they die: my great skill in curing diseases is become quite useless; I have no practice at all, I am preparing to commence Farrier and Cow Leech, as I have found out the art of curing diseases in *brutes* by means of aquafortis.’ ‘Ah sir,’ says a little woman to him, making a low courtesy, ‘speaking of brutes—my husband is very sick; could you cure him?’ ‘What is his disorder?’ ‘He is a fool, sir.’ ‘What sort of folly is it that has seized him?’ ‘He believes himself equal to the Duke, and that the Duke will make his clothes for him in his turn: he was a Tailor at your service: he says as how the National Assembly’s having done away all *high* and *low* procures him this advantage. His brother, who was formerly a shoe-maker, is at present

sent a Colonel; and one of our Cousins who was lately a Coachman, lolls at his ease in his fine carriage, while his old master actually walks a-foot.' 'Has your husband made a fortune?' 'O very far from that, sir: he wrought for passengers, in the open street, and did not gain enough to maintain us and our six children that I brought him.' 'Your husband is dangerously ill. He must leave off work for a month; It would encrease the irritation of his brain, already but too much inflamed.' 'But, sir, if he don't work, how shall we be able to live?' 'It is a frugal regimen and sparing diet alone, accompanied with copious bleeding, that can ever restore him to his understanding. He will then cease to think himself equal to his employer. Go, go, above all things let him lose a good deal of blood. Alas, how many people have occasion for a like prescription?'

A man arrives with a monstrous large volume in his hand. It was a collection of all the decrees passed by the Bell-melters in

France. ‘Madam,’ says he, ‘I beg leave to present you this book, worthy of a place in your library. I have the honour to be one of the members of that celebrated assembly, which, I have taken leave of, without saying a word of my intention of doing so; for I foresaw that it would be dangerous to stay among them longer, and that we might be brought in for damages.’—Folly opens the book, sees in it **THE RIGHTS OF MAN**—smiles—and looks for **THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN**. ‘I cannot see them here,’ says she.—‘Madam, in France, we count upon the ladies so far only as they contribute to our pleasures, though we lie under great obligations to them from the first moments of our existence. But this instance of real ingratitude is common to all countries. There is no notice taken of them in any political arrangement.’

The Princess glances over the book, and gives it to one of her waiting maids, saying ‘Cause them put it in my wardrobe.’ Our
Deputy

Deputy did not appear much surpris'd at its fate.

An Engraver, in like manner, presents her with the collection of the portraits of the Deputies. 'What do you wish me to do, says she, with those hideous figures? Ha! Give me them however, I shall cause hang them with the whole collection of those venomous insects that I have caused to be engraven, though I had really forgot that I gave any such order!' 'At present talents are of no consequence,' said the Engraver: 'one knows not where he can carry his works to a market; besides one must sell on credit. But where can one go for a dinner without ready money?'

CHAP.

TRAVELS IN FRANCE, &c.

CHAP. IV.

The audience continued. A Sans Culotte. Two Germans. A young Buck. A Dutch Merchant, and a hair-brained Englishman. A Poet and a Musician. The Mayor of a Country village and his two municipal Officers.

INTELLIGENCE was brought the Princess that a fellow whom they did not chuse to admit on account of his shabby appearance insisted to speak with her. ‘Let him come in,’ said Folly, ‘he may have dispatches of importance for me.’ There immediately enters a queer fellow with lank locks, a torn hat stuck fast upon his head, with the side cock before, a shabby great coat out at the elbows, and breeches so much used and so torn, that every body upon seeing him cried ‘There is a *Sans Culotte*!’ In fact, he was one of them.

‘Good day, citizens male and female,’ says he on his entrance. He takes good
care

care however not to pull off his hat. That was the practice in France, under the old government, but at present things are quite altered.

Addressing himself to Folly, 'I am come' says he, 'Citizen, to present you with a new plan of administration in France. I think that it will shew the vast extent of my genius, and be the means of making my fortune. It is an agrarian law that I propose. The division of property will put an end to all those jealousies which daily give birth to so many lawsuits, and excite the indignation of our comrades who have nothing. This equality will be the finest thing in the world. They have proved and decreed the equality of right, this leads to that of possession. Our friend Fauchet, the intruded Bishop of Bayeux, thinks as I do. He has laid upon the table my plan which I had communicated to him. They say that he is a great scoundrel: so much the better: he will be so much the more useful for us, to make our project succeed. I have already
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in my interest all the Sans Culottes, my associates: and surely we have justified the credit we have with, and over, the National Convention, of which, the majority are of our number.—We have stript the Clergy and the Nobility. The worst is over: we will find less resistance in the rest, and if they pretend to reason, or demur, about the matter, we will support our measures with a firm decree, that shall send them to the guillotine. We shall have it in our power to shorten either their fortunes or their persons.’ ‘You have not the merit of starting that idea,’ resumed Folly; ‘it was I, who, in a moment of gaiety spoke of it to some friends, but did not believe that any body could take it in earnest, for it cannot take place; if you would reflect but a moment, you will be sensible of it: for having made an equal division; next hour you must begin it anew. I believe you feel the force of this reasoning.’ ‘Ah! Citizen, that will give us very little concern when once we shall have got our share; and I repeat it

it again, I like this plan as a very bright one.'

This Sans Culotte really liked his plan so well that he was beginning already to put it in execution; for during his speech, he helped himself to a little tobacco from his neighbour's pocket, that is to say, he purloined his gold snuff-box. He had also in the same manner procured for himself a repeating watch. This betrayed him; for the owner, hearing his watch repeat, perceived that he was robbed. Instantly he collars the pick-pocket. The Princess sends to bring the guard, who conduct him to prison. 'Sooner or later,' says she, 'all those Sans Culotte-rogues will get themselves hanged.' 'It were to be wished,' said a German, 'that France were cleared of those villains who dishonour it by their crimes; and that those who travel out of it to propagate their execrable system, might be arrested as soon as they are known. It is very lucky,' said he, 'that the powers of Europe have united to stop the progress of this *Francomania*,
for

for there is not a man of property that could have been safe from its effects. The poor man, even, who might have scraped together a week's stock of provision, would not have been defended against their robbery. But when shall we be quiet and delivered from these disturbances. We have no need of these, to be sensible that existence is an unsupportable load; for it must be owned that life is a continual torment: one day of pleasure often conducts us to years of pain. The sum of misery far surpasses that of happiness.'—'With regard to that subject,' replies another, 'I entertain very different sentiments. I believe we are unjust to nature in our daily complaints against her, and that our pleasing sensations are more frequently repeated than those of a disagreeable kind.—For in short, Sir, if you have the fever one month in twelve, you are free of it for eleven: frequently for one bad night, there are at least four good: one woman puts you in a passion, another comforts you: if you have an arm carried off on the field
of

of battle; if it is the left; what good luck that it was not the right! Is it the right? you ought to think yourself happy that it was not your head. I am just now an emigrant: I feel deep regret for the absence of my relations and friends in France. I regret my being penniless and obliged to put up with mean lodging and mean fare: but what enjoyments does this school of adversity promise me, when I shall be restored to my relations, my friends and my own fire-side?—I am persuaded that any woman, who would have been seized with the vapours at the thought of removing ten leagues from Paris, would be cured by the necessity of emigration; and that he who cursed his lot, because he had not five hundred a year, would think himself happy that he had fifty left, that he could enjoy in peace—Ah Doctor Pangloss!—

A young man comes in next, who, with a very eager air, forces his way through the croud, knocking against every body with his elbows, without asking pardon of any

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one. Very much pleased with his own sweet person, he pushes forward. Folly did not immediately recollect him. He was drest in the newest fashion. His dress, his breeches were so exact, that one would have thought the Tailor had stitched them on him. He made very unjust pretensions to a handsome leg and a pretty foot: he incessantly examined and admired their beauties, lest others should not have taken notice of them. He wore his shoe-buckles just over the toe. One would have taken him for a rope-dancer. Though of mean extraction, he was persuaded that he was Sir Somebody. The idea of a title had struck him from this circumstance, that on coming out of the theatre some chairmen at the door, called to him, Sir, shall I call your carriage.—If these people who see knights and nobles every day, are beguiled when they see me, said he, I must surely have the air of one; others will believe it readily upon my word. His hair, hanging over his brow, scarce permitted you to see his eyes. Doubtless he thought that
nature

nature had made a mistake in planting hair on the chin and none on the brow. Indeed she could not put it every where, and it was not amiss that, in this respect, we should differ from the brutes. A short sighted person might have taken him for one of those water dogs which mountebanks and jugglers set a dancing in the streets, drest like harlequin. His greatest advantage was his youth, for he was not above eighteen. But he was by no means a handsome youth, though very much persuaded of the contrary; because one of those ladies, who live by their charms, told him when he was alone with her in her house; ‘I have never seen a handfomer, or a more amiable youth.’ The compliment was flattering; his purse paid for it. His neck was adorned with six yards of muslin. He wore in his ears golden lockets of vast bigness. His hair tied very low, filled with hair-powder his coat, which in a short time was unfit for wear. He was obliged to change it often. It was proper to do so: I owe him the justice to say so. As

he had credit with his Tailor, the inconvenience was nothing. In an assembly, if by chance the eyes of any pretty lady met his, he persuaded himself that he read in them the intention of an assignation, that he should receive the first favourable moment. Per advance, he ran to the Viscount's, his friend, for he gave titles and rank to all his companions, to inform him of his good luck. He knew some few words of the Latin language, which an obliging good natured Curate had wished to teach him, hence he thought he knew every thing, spoke louder than any body, and supported every thing he said by proposing a wager. In consequence of habit, he contradicted every one with astonishing assurance.

In his pocket he had a roll of paper which he took care might be seen, in order that somebody might say, 'What have you got there? It is surely some fine pieces in verse;' for he had a rage for copying bad verses from old magazines, &c. and modestly said that

that he himself was the author of them, believing them to be good.

Folly is a good natured Lady. She had not the impertinence of some great folks, little patrons, that I have seen sometimes not deign to address a single word to people who unluckily had need of their patronage, whom timidity kept standing *on their legs* till they were ready to drop down on the spot, and who went away foolishly satisfied with an 'I see you,' 'I patronize you,' intimated only by a look on that side, with their head held high, lest they might humble themselves too much by the condescension of a nod, or any other expression of civility and politeness.

Folly asks our young Gentleman of fashion, 'Who he is?' His answer made her laugh, on recollecting him. 'What is that roll of paper that I see in your pocket?'

'It is,' said he, 'remarks that I have made with respect to several important topics of history ancient and modern.' One cannot always make madrigals. 'Pray, Sir,

what are the principal objects of your learned researches?"—By these words his vanity was gratified. He replies, ' Accident having allowed me some moments leisure, I amused myself in reading ancient history. I have some taste for the art of war, and the study of tactics, and consequently gave the preference to the Biography of famous generals, of those conquerors of the world, of whose mighty deeds and great skill in the military art people have the madness to boast, but I discover that they knew nothing of the matter. Alexander, Pompey, Cæsar, and Hannibal, knew nothing of Generalship, compared to Cobourg, Brunswick, Clairfait, Beaulieu, Hohenloe, and the Duke of York, who make so much noise in the world at present. This is a thing that really astonishes me. I have made some notes, from the perusal of which they might derive vast advantage. Surely they would prevent those instances of misconduct, of which they are every day guilty, and which I read in the Gazette with my own eyes.'—' I would advise you,

you, Sir, to send them these notes,' said Folly. The young Gorling* thanked her for her good advice, and went away to put it in execution. (G)

Folly observes a man walking with long strides, and a thoughtful air. He was staring at every one, but saw nobody. Sometimes he smiled, thinking of his castles in Spain. 'I will purchase such an estate: I will build on it after such a plan, &c.' She asks him the subject of his meditations. 'Faith,' replies this genius, 'it little concerns me what I see or what I hear. I don't mind other people's affairs. Each ought to mind his own. I carried on business in North Holland, my native country you know. My name is Van Rotondor. Fortune was kind enough to me. But I love speculations upon a large scale, speculations in short that bring one to opulence at once. When I think on Necker, who, from a Clerk with Twenty-five Pounds a-year, has

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* An unfledged bird, a term of reproach, perhaps from Corbelly.

in a short time realized millions in France, and is Baron Copet in Switzerland, and Father-in-law of an Earl in Sweden, all this excites my ambition. I have sold off my stock. I have freighted a vessel: the return of the voyage must quadruple my fortune. I have reserved myself only a few tobacco-pipes, some tea, a little garden and some tulip-roots. When I shall have made my fortune, then, without any disturbance or interruption, I'll smoke my pipe all day and read the Gazettes.—God bless the strong box! that's my country: bless the ducats, they are my friends! a fig for the world!

In comes a hair brained Englishman, calls for Mynheer Van Rotondor, observes him, and runs up to him—'Sir,' says he to him, 'you persuaded me to put all my stock aboard your ship but would not insure her. Well! all is lost. The vessel is wrecked upon the coast. Goods and lives all lost. Your ambitious views have deceived and ruined me. I have nothing more to do in this world. It is needless to stay any longer
in

in it.' Having uttered this, he pulls out a pistol *from his pocket*, takes leave of his partner in trade, and blows out his brains.

Folly who laughs at every thing, looks at Mynheer Van Rotondor and sings,

Pray sell not the Bear's skin

Till once he be caught,

The lesson's important

And needs to be taught.

So true it is, in this world, What sets some a crying sets others a laughing. And while some have too much sensibility, others are blest with a stock of indifference: while the Englishman makes fatal haste to punish himself for the fault of another, our Dutchman sets off to buy a Lottery Ticket.

A little Poetaster and a travelling Musician, both bespattered up to the shoulders, hearing the Princess sing (a few words of comfort to Mynheer Van Rotondor) flatter themselves with a favourable reception on account of their talents.

'What

‘What do you want, sir?’ says she to the Poet! ‘and who are you?’ ‘Madam,’ replies our son of Apollo:

‘My parents were people of parts,

And I have of genius my share:

While riches are got by mean arts,

I never for riches will care.

Sweet poesy still is my art,

While music is that of my friend;

Alike both in head and in heart,

Our views to one object we bend.

Yet while he plies the catgut, and I ply the quill,

But a scurvy subsistence we gain by our skill.’

He was proceeding with his long prosaic rhymes, when he was interrupted by the Princess, who said, ‘I am just setting out for the country, you will come back, gentlemen, some other day, when I shall be more at leisure.’

He retires composing an epigram against the reigning taste of travelling. If he succeeded in the composition, his partner in trade

trade would no doubt have the trouble of setting it to music.

But here come three people in wooden shoes. One marched in front; two follow close behind: every one of the three bolt upright as the quills of a porcupine. Each wears a scarf of three colours: each has his lank hair hanging straight, his nose in the air, his hands in his pockets, his hat fast on his head. They are exceedingly astonished that no body salutes them.

The foremost was the Mayor of a village; the other two were his municipal officers.

I comes, says the Mayor, because I are come. The two that you see on *each side* of me, (pointing them out with his *elbow*,) are my *municipals*, who attends me for many good reason. For my own part, I am Mare of our town: I am a father too: my name is Nicholas Pipe: my late mother was of the Silly family. Marry, our family is very ancient.

You may know by our halters that I am not overlooked in the new *construction* of France.

France. Our great merit has been heard of, and has made us something. I have reason to brag of it.

I knows not to read, but I has a *second* cousin who reads correctly all books. On holy-days he is precentor. Ah, I wish you saw what a vast wide mouth he make. But I have another higher still; he was Drum-major in a regiment. He had served in all the provinces of Europe. Twenty times he deserved to be hanged, he was such a wag; but being full of invention, he has always been able to get off. Thus the Assembly has cast its eyes upon him, as a man fit for any thing, and has given him a commission to go into foreign countries to teach French. (H)

In short we comes here, Madam, to buy hemp; for I've has heard it whispered as how there will not be ropes enow in France to hang all the rogues that are in it.—You understands me?

‘ Meantime have you observed, Mr Pipe,’ says one of his colleagues, ‘ that the gentleman

man who spoke to us of that several times since the month of March, looks a little queerish, when he sees us? When I think of it, I observe something in it, trust me; let us be in no haste to make this purchase.' The third scratched his ear, and turned his head, but spoke not a word: he did not think the less for all that.

'I wish much to stay,' says the Mayor, 'but since I am here, I goeth to plant the tree of liberty at your gate, Madam: I am not able to do you too much honour.'

'Thank you good folks,' replies the princess, 'you are seeking hemp, I have furnished the seed, that I might have the pleasure of laughing at the expence of such dupes: as one sometimes gives bitters to those who are fond of feedcakes and sweetmeats. What is your employment?' 'I are butchers at your service, Madam. The folks of our town, envying our power, say when they see us, Stop, do you see those horned-brutes; we think we see the devil.'

G

At

At these words, his infernal Excellency, believing that he was observed, pinches the Princess's leg to cause her lower the skirt of her gown. The Lady supposing that he wished to play the wag, rises hastily, saying, 'No more of that.' The Ambassador, when the Princess rose, burst forth like a bomb-shell. Never was terror better expressed; every one on seeing this unexpected figure cried out, 'It is the Devil! help! help!' All fled overturning and tumbling one over another. The fat lady the Attorney's wife, just mentioned, less *alert*, falls with three others, and rolling along discovers a vast extent of posteriors, which the Devil mistakes for a kettle-drum.

Thus the Assembly broke up. Folly and his Excellency laughed at the adventure *with tears in their eyes*. We are even assured that the Princess moistened her p——t.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Folly and the Messenger, upon the breaking up of the hall of audience, set out for the regions below—their reception there—some intelligence from this world.

‘MADAM,’ says the Envoy, ‘time does not hang heavy on ones hands at your court, but the great Devil, my master, waits us.’ ‘I am at his command and yours. Let us set out,’ replies the Princess.

Her prime minister asked her, ‘Has your majesty no orders to leave previous to your departure?’ ‘No,’ says she, ‘only keep up a regular correspondence with our friends. Always persuade them that the French patriots will be here very soon.’(I)

Folly alone could lead some individuals of consequence to adopt for a moment *those principles*; they have soon been put to the blush for having wished to see in their native country a horde of murdering ruffians,

covered with all crimes, whose sole aim was to pillage, burn, violate, and massacre. True patriotism never was a foolish enthusiasm which signalizes itself by acts of extravagant outrage and crimes; that of a people who had murdered their prince could never make a common cause with that of this wise and industrious nation, who love their country, and above every other, enjoy a degree of liberty of which sound reason hath properly defined the limits.

Let them not suppose that the French have no money, and that their sole object is to get possession of the Dutch Ducats—the hard cash of Holland. Tell them not to be uneasy although the brave governor of Williamstadt has the ill-breeding to oppose them. They are getting ready balloons, in which you will see them arrive very soon like clouds of storks. We shall have a good laugh some day at the expence of these dupes, when we shall see them eating themselves the provisions they had prepared for the reception of the Sans Culottes.

They

They set out to mount their aerial vehicle. The Devil presents his paw to the Princess: she steps in: away they fly.

The journey was not long, but it was a joyous one. The lady happened to be in good humour that day, and the Devil was very happy to attend her.

As they left Holland, they came up with a corps of the French army marching mournfully from Breda where they had enjoyed good cheer. They were sending back those Sans Culottes to their employers, not wishing to detain them as prisoners, since they would have been obliged to maintain them, and certainly they were not worth what they would cost. These were sincerely regretting their being disappointed of the ducats of this country, of which they expected to get each a good share; while each, with the tear in his eye, was saying, 'All is lost; we are undone.'

Lucifer had sent some pages to meet our travellers, that he might have previous intimation of their arrival. A clap of thun-

der, and a smell of sulphur, which are heard and smelt from afar, announce that they are at hand. Besides the pages return to their master to announce their arrival. Lucifer orders all the devils big and small, to line the passage, three stages in height, the one upon the other's shoulders, according to their age. He ascends his throne, which was not like that at Versailles. The seat consisted of two four-footed devils. Two big, and two little ones, holding each other by the hand formed the back part of it. Two pages supported his feet, which he rests between their horns.

Twelve old devils attend at the gate to receive the Princess, who did not keep them long in waiting. They entwine their tails which serve her for a chair, and conduct her in this manner to the hall of audience.

The devils lining the passage for the procession, in three stages, present a scene picturesque and new, which set the Princess a laughing: every body followed her example.

After

After an hour of mirth Lucifer enjoined silence.

The Ambaffador preceded the Lady, and, prostrating himself flat upon his belly, fays, ‘ My Lord, chief Sovereign of all devils, I have acquitted myself in my mission with so much the greater pleasure and facility as I found her majesty Folly in the most gracious dispositions towards your Highness.’

‘ Yes,’ replies the Princess, ‘ your Diabolic Majesty will always find me disposed to maintain the agreeable harmony that has so long subsisted between us.’——She dismounts and advances towards Lucifer, who opens his vast arms, clasps her affectionately in his claws, and makes her sit beside him.

To give her a little entertainment, a hundred thousand musicians play a new tune; time was beat by lashes of the whip applied to the backs of French patriots whose wailings were thought to add much to the sweetness of this new kind of music: the younger devils led up the dance. A hundred millions of lamps burning with the fat of persons

persons that had been hung in chains, (K) illuminated the empire of darkness. They afterwards lighted up a bonfire of a very considerable number of the French which the Austrians had sent to the Devil to cure them of their madness, and to destroy those vermin which preyed upon them when alive, and had much exasperated their landlords, where-ever they came.

Their grimaces amused the spectators very much. Some waggish Pages sing them *ca ira, ca ira*, Thus it shall go, Thus it shall go.

‘ Ah, no, this shall not go on, this shall not go on,’ cried one of those who were roasting. It was poor General Gouvion, one of the first who became sensible of his folly, but it was too late. He was quickly burnt to a cinder. (L)

Lucifer, wishing to converse with the Princess in private, ordered the sports to cease, and conducts her into his private apartment, where he thus addressed her, ‘ I have desired my Ambassador to request you to accompany me into France, Madam. I

am

am informed by Asmodeus, that ill-disposed persons there, speak of me with disrespect, and intend no less than to dethrone all sovereign princes. In fact, they have destroyed their own. They have had the audacity to say they would go even to the gates of hell, if it were necessary, to accomplish their purpose. I own to you that I shall not be at rest till I see, in person, how this will turn out, for I am much afraid that my emissaries, whom I have sent upon earth, in very great numbers, with unlimited powers, are too remiss with respect to my interest, and that those French become more expert in wickedness than themselves.'

'I had learned, not without much uneasiness, that their king wished to restore order in every department of the state. He was what is called upon earth *virtuous*. He insisted that his courtiers should become so too.

'All this, as you well know, did not suit me, as it did not tend to promote my interest. To shuffle the cards, I had dispatched
my

my devils, those of them who were most expert in the arts of negociation.'—'And I, for my part, my Lord,' says Folly, 'advised calling the *States General*.'

'But pardon me, my Lord, my intention was only to amuse myself at the expence of those idiots who were to be elected Deputies, and whose vanity and folly I was fully apprised of. Gossip Discord, who runs every where to put in her word, entered into an understanding with your emissaries; and in consequence of that frolic, which I did not expect to have gone so far, affairs have been mismanaged, and have gone to the mischief, that is to say, every thing has been embroiled by your agents, who abusing their unlimited commission, have transgressed the bounds which reason, and even common sense, prescribed.'

An infernal din was heard at the gate of hell. Lucifer sends to know what was the cause of it. Intelligence is brought him that some of his devils were kicking and cuffing two French Deputies just arrived. One of
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the devils had recognized them. The one was a constitutional Bishop, so much ashamed of his quality, that he would not tell his name. The other was Pelletier de Saint Fargeau, one of those who had put their king to death. Lucifer orders those two villains to be brought, impaled, and roasted, at a slow fire.

The elder Mirabeau recognizes them, and whispers in their ear; 'Tell me, friends, what is *Philip Egalite* about?'—'He is spinning his halter on his road to Marseilles.' 'La Fayette?'—'In his cage, morning and evening, he sings *Libera me Domine*.' (Good Lord deliver me. 'Lameth?'—'He is making comparisons between the past, the present, and the future.' 'Pethion, Manuel, Marat, Brissot, Camus, Cambon, Bazire, Merlin, Gregoire?'—'They are greasing their wheels, and making ready their carriages. They will be with you by and by. Their blood flows around the Guillotine.'

Dameiens, (M) who asked all those lately come, news of his nephew Roberspiere, is informed

informed that he will see him soon, and congratulates himself in the hope that he shall soon be surrounded by his friends and relations. Let us leave our Deputies there: it is indeed defiling one's lips to speak of them.



CHAP. VI.

Lucifer and Folly, in their way to France, pass through Bon, Cologne, Aix-la-chapelle, Liege, and Bruffels.

THE preparations are made for the journey. Each took an affectionate farewell of his friends, who replied, *I wish you to enjoy good health: pray, write me how you do, and all your news.* Lucifer assumes his disguise. He is already equipt for his journey. They bring him word that all the winds, vying with each other in their zeal and loyalty, are come to offer their services. Never was such a calm known upon earth. The asthmatic could not breathe, the miller swore, the sailor felt time hang heavy on his hands, the petit-maitre, with his head nicely drest, and his hat under his arm, alone exclaims, ‘Heavens what fine weather!’ Lucifer gives the preference to the south wind, that he might not pass too suddenly from
H the

the extremity of scorching heat to that of intense cold.

Wishing to cool and refresh himself a little, he resolves to pass through Germany. The hour of his departure being come, all the Devils came to touch their master with their horns, kissing his claws, and, with tears in their eyes, wished him a good journey and a speedy return, and the same to his travelling companion. The pages are already on the wing. An electric *cloud*, carried by the *wind*, receives our illustrious travellers: one might have supposed it a love expedition to elude the too watchful care of parents and guardians, and that the fond couple were driving post to be happy. Day-light prevented the fiery cloud from being observed, but it shone bright by night. The astronomers said it was a meteor.

Being very desirous of arriving in France, Lucifer makes no halt for several days at first, and proposes to rest a little in Germany.

But when he got there, meeting processions (N) incessantly on the road, he felt himself

himself very uneasy. Folly observed it; ‘Let us take bye-roads,’ says she: ‘Let us pass over the mountains. I’ll find friends there to give us a cordial reception.’ The proposal is accepted. They consequently direct their course towards the seven mountains near the city Ronn, the appearance of which pleased them much. At the foot of one of those mountains named St Peter, stands the Abbey of Hegsterbach. The monks are Bernardines, who eat well and drink hard. Their cellar is well furnished, in quantity and quality. Our travellers were not sorry at falling in with it: they had a devilish thirst.

‘I know,’ says Folly, ‘that they have most excellent wine, and of a superior quality to what is common, which they call *Friends wine*. They did not present a drop of it to the Elector of Cologne, who went to dine with them. They reserved it for better company, and it was doubtless for you, my Lord.’ They alight at some distance, leaving at the entrance between the

mountains the cloud and the wind who had orders to wait them there. The cloud, for pastime, set on fire a farmstead, and the wind blew upon it: their united efforts soon reduced it to ashes.

The travellers arrive at the monastery. A fat monk was just coming out of the eating room, where he had helped himself to great abundance of good cheer. His tottering limbs with much ado supported his great paunch, on which rested three stages of chin. This monk perceives our travellers, believes that they wish to see the house, accosts them with a devout and sanctimonious air, and proposes that they should go and see the gardens and pleasure-grounds. They would have preferred a little rest, and above every thing a little *Friends wine*: however they suffered themselves to be conducted where he pleased. From good breeding they desired leave to pay their respects to the Prelate; but the Prelate was taking his nap after dinner, and might not be disturbed. Their conductor observing that they are warm,
eagerly

eagerly proposes that they should refresh themselves. They very willingly listen to the proposal.—He conducts them to a fountain in the convent, whose waters, always gushing forth, are very cooling. He desires them to refresh themselves by putting their hands into the large basin that received the water. (O.)

This æconomical mode of entertaining strangers appeared somewhat new. Folly laughed at it : Lucifer laughed none.

He was tempted to try some diabolic means to cause all the provisions in the house disappear ; but that would have discovered him, while he wished to remain incog.—They did not even desire him to sit down.

‘ Let us leave these Bulgarians,’ says he ; ‘ I shall warm them as they deserve when they come to my fire-side.’ ‘ Let us go,’ says Folly, ‘ to a fountain whose mineral waters are coming into vogue. We will have it in our power to refresh ourselves there at our ease, and in better company.’ The Devil agrees to the proposal, and sets off, repressing, as

much as possible, the sensations of thirst and resentment. They remount their machine, and arrive at Godersberg in a twinkling.

I had almost forgot to mention that four of the most waggish of the pages, offended at the bad reception which the monk had given their prince, resolved to have their revenge, by souring all the wine in the cellar. They went down into it; but what was their surprise to find there three monks with full pots drinking and singing in trio.

Where sadness prevails, I never appear;

But, where the wine's good, I like to be there.

What do the pages? Each leaps into the vase with two handles which our religious tiplers were using. Dreading no harm, each of them swallows a Devil.—The heat of this unusual body in their bowels renders them thirsty; they drink and drink; at last they become giddy; their heads turn. One thinks the cellar walled all round because he cannot find the door; the second giving back the quantity he had drunk 'says;' The vintage

vintage is good this year; it yields plentifully;’ the third wishes to go to bed, and begs the other two to conduct him to the gardener’s wife. The other two insist that it is not his week: He insists that it is, and with a box on the ear proves his willingness. The humour of beating seizes them: they cuff and pull each other by the ears: at last they fall upon one another swearing like carters bogged in a quagmire.

The fourth page, without waiting to see the end of the comedy, goes out laughing with all his might, and runs to tell his master. Well, says Lucifer, they are as well there as any where else: let them stay there till they receive fresh orders.

I have been told since, that, some days after, the monks met to settle the business of the house, but they could not understand each other, but beat and abused each other calling names like blackguards; a thing by no means surprizing since they were possessed by devils.

Our

Our travellers thought the situation of Godersberg charming. There were a ball and ridotto there that day. This had drawn together a great deal of company. Some drank water, others wine. Each said what he drank was the best for health. Which shall we believe? 'Let us drink both' says Folly; ' 'tis the only way to get at the truth.'

They go to the ridotto. Some there were dancing a dance to turn the brains of those who had any. Some young Clergymen were sharing this salutary pleasure; in a separate room; others were playing at cards. (P)

Two unfortunate gamblers reciprocally bewailed their loss.—It is the Devil, said one.—It is Folly said the other.——

'Let us go away instantly' said the Devil, 'we are discovered; Do you hear those people?'—'Pardon me, my Lord, they know not what they say. It is just the way of talking of gamesters who never think of us at all. But we shall set out, if you desire it; besides we have nothing more to see, and we have but few partizans here you see
but

but gamblers. I was in hopes of gaining some Germans, men of genius, to cause them adopt the French principles. But I have not succeeded. These Germans are too thoughtful and plodding. Let us depart.'

A page goes to find their cloudy chariot, they set off, and with a puff of the wind they are at Bonn. Without stopping, they gave a glance at it; they knew that people there were curious about other people's affairs, and satirical in their remarks; it is the case in all small towns.

The Palace, the Gardens, the public Library, the Museum were objects which they regretted very much they could not see. But the Devil was afraid of meeting there with the Elector, Count Wallenstein. So true it is that the presence of the virtuous intimidates the wicked.

Continuing their route along the Rhine they perceived a bark, aboard of which was a Friar, the Treasurer of a convent. He was labouring hard with a set of excellent grinders to diminish the weight of his wallet,

let, which was very well filled. Ah, Friar, said the Boatman, if you go on long at that rate, your convent will fast to-morrow.

While I eat, and while I drink,

What care I what people think,

Those may fast that like it well,

Those that don't may go to —

replied Friar *Manducandum*. Who could have believed that we could have found selfishness, even in the heart of a Capuchin? Ah how many people sing the same song!

Lucifer and his fair fellow traveller arrive at Cologne. 'We will not, by any means traverse the city,' says Folly; 'the air, loaded with noxious vapours haled from the rivulets that run along the streets, would overpower our brain, accustomed to breathe a purer atmosphere. Let us only go round the ramparts; certainly we shall there meet some of our agents. I had some of them who erected the tree of liberty here; but it was overturned almost as soon as it was set up. The example of the wise men of Frankfort,

fort seduced the inhabitants. Let us make the tour of the ramparts.' They alight.

The first person they met was reading the Gazette which announced the taking of Ruremonde by the Prussians; he battle completely gained by the Austrians near Juliers; a second at Aix-la-chapelle, in which they had put to flight the French patriots who had left a considerable number of dead upon the field; a third near Maistrech, by which they had caused the regicides to raise the siege and had put them in disorder. The evacuation of the country of Liege; the great defeat between Tongres and Louvain; all this in less than fifteen days caused the regicides some melancholy reflections. They insisted that they had never treated any body in like manner, and several regretted much that they had left their own fire-side, where the showers of March hail are not so hurtful.

After having read the Gazette, this genius swallowed it through spite, saying, 'The Aristocrats shall not read this paper at least.' At the same time he quits the walk to take
his

his bed, in consequence of a violent pain in his throat which the digesting this paper had given him.

‘Who is,’ says Lucifer, ‘this gipsy passing in a gilt phaeton, who fixes her eye upon you with the assurance of a Hungarian grenadier, she receives every body’s salute and returns that of nobody?’

‘Never mind her, my Lord,’ replies Folly, ‘it is the Princess of——She is a stranger.—I know her well: we are very intimate; but she pretends not to know me because I am on foot. This lady regards haughtiness as one of the feudal rights of her very small principality, and imagines with herself that politeness and affability are only country virtues, adapted to rustics and farmer’s daughters. In the mean time, I can assure you, that no person in the world is more humane or familiar and condescending than she is in her private apartments, where I have often seen her approve the rights of man, though she be an aristocrate.’

They

They continued their walk and met one of Folly's emissaries, who accosts them, cutting capers. He kisses the elbow of the princess and Lucifer's toe. 'I am very glad,' says he, 'to meet your majesty. I had need of this glad surprize and happy meeting, to cheer up my spirits for every body here is exceeding melancholy, because the French patriots have been drubbed by the Austrians, and lately by the Prussians too who also interfere in the quarrel. According to your Majesty's orders, I had disposed every thing as you wished; already they had erected the tree of liberty, but the noise of cannon has overturned it. The inhabitants are even persuaded that it cannot take root in this country, as the soil is not favourable for it. Consequently, I pray you, Madam, to assign me some other station, where my services may be more useful.'

The princess whispered a word in his ear, which I did not hear. He retired walking backward through respect of the company till he had lost sight of them.

I

They

They get into their carriage again, and instantly arrive at Aix-la-chapelle, where the inhabitants were wishing each other joy on the departure of the French Sans Culottes. They were busy washing their houses, like the Dutch, and burning incense to purify the air, which those rascals had infected.

This imperial city has nothing to announce its superior rank; dirty streets, ill paved, no lamps during the night, one runs the risque of being knocked down by numerous gangs of worthless fellows. In short this city has nothing remarkable but the sword of Charlemagne, its hot mineral waters, its great Mayor, the best of all the Barons of the holy empire, for this reason that he is the latest made one; and its gaming houses rightly named *redoubtes*, since they ruin so many families, and are protected by a police which reason disclaims.

Lucifer and Folly went to see the place where the Gamblers and water drinkers meet. It was a superb hall in which there was a great deal of company. They all pre-
tended

tended they were come for the sake of their health, but the plump figure, and jolly looks of the gamblers, betrayed their intentions.

Several having lost their money were walking along through the hall, with long strides, with their eyes starting from their sockets almost, their fists clenched, gnashing their teeth, seeing no resource, against misery and despair but in blowing out their brains; for they had already sold horses, equipage and jewels. Some were no longer uneasy on that account, because they knew how to assist fortune at play. Others found the mines of Peru, or what is still better, gold ready coined in their neighbours' pockets. The bankers alone made gain at all hands. They made merry at the expence of those dupes.

Curst thirst of gold, when wilt thou cease to affect and pervert mankind? Unhappily that event will not soon take place; for it is gold which sets in motion and directs every thing. Gold alone gives man consequence in the eyes of the multitude;

and the puppy in a laced jacket attracts all eyes, while the man who is dependent, however worthy of our esteem, is eyed with a look of affected and insulting commiseration.

I have observed that the man who keeps his carriage, rarely returns a visit to one who waits on him on foot; and that the rich never pay one to the man, who unhappily for him, has need for the assistance of their purse. One sees people who would blush to appear in public with a virtuous man, but one whose wardrobe did not mark his opulence; but they would not blush to be seen with ladies of pleasure, who are most profuse of their favours to the highest bidder. Make a fortune, no matter how; give good dinners, grand suppers; people will take no notice that you are the most immoral of mankind. Only sometimes people will say, 'As long's he lives he robs the gibbet of its due; but he is agreeable company, and keeps a good table.' In short, get money, you are sure of attaining any thing, and the croud will make room for you by destroying

destroying Dorville who despises you, because he has a better conscience, though others admire you more because you have a better estate.

The wretch who says to himself, I have only twenty guineas in the world; that cannot carry me far; with a like sum Dorville has gained a thousand. That would be a fortune to me. I'll try my luck. He loses his twenty guineas. He is a bad subject say I, a prude will say the same. Dorville played false, but he succeeded; he gained a handsome fortune. He is a lad of merit.—Such is the way of the world.

I had forgot my travellers, who had set off some time ago:—they are at Liege. The inhabitants of this city, whom the absence of their sovereign had very much afflicted, were filled with joy on account of his return;—an event which announced the restoration of peace, good order and tranquillity in that immense and populous city.

The election of this prince had been the effect not only of consideration and prudence:

in consequence of his own merit, but also a tribute of gratitude due to the deceased prince, his uncle, whose death was lamented by a great number of families, who never had any experience of indigence till once they had lost him who was their friend and benefactor, and with him the hopes of his acts of kindness being continued by his nephew.

French missionaries had persuaded the Sans Culottes of the country to join them, that they might abolish every thing connected with sovereign power, laws and religion, and held forth as the prize to be gained, the division of the property of the rich. The people of Liege soon beheld with indignation the horrid deeds which the French regicides committed in their country, under the name of Liberty, and this same people, at present, feel the effects of the Francomania.

The Devil and Folly caused enquire for their agents, but people assured them that they quitted the city to follow the army of the Sans Culottes.—Folly having no business

ness in a city which was celebrating rejoicings because the Austrians had put to flight the robbers, proposed to Lucifer to leave it, so much the rather as the smell of charcoal was beginning to incommode him. They set out for Brussels. On the road they fell in with several of the French National Guards who were biting their lips, filled with remorse for having taken part with the regicides. They would have bit their thumbs had they not lost their arms in the battle. They were begging their bread from door to door, every body saying, ‘ Devil fetch you, wicked regicides; how have you the face to ask charity either for God or man’s sake.’

‘ What will become of us?’ said those unhappy victims of error and seduction. What will become of us? no asylum can be found for us on earth. Humanity which we have so much abused, will not listen to our moan. Alas! what have we done! We have suffered the blood of the best of kings to flow without making any
 opposition

opposition to the barbarous deed. We have persecuted those families distinguished by their services,—those nobles who comforted the unhappy inhabitants of the country,—who procured for them the means of subsistence in times of scarcity, of sickness, infirmity and old age. We have persecuted our priests whose charitable hearts offered the consolations of religion to the poor equally with the rich; and we have suffered others to be named in their place, people without shame, who have seduced us, and have taken advantage of our ignorance.’

‘Let us have patience,’ said one of them, ‘we ought to believe that this anarchy will soon be at an end; and that order, justice, and our lawful prince will resume their reign. Trust me, friend, we shall always find honour and generosity in the heart of the nobility; on the word of a grenadier, I am convinced of it. Upon seeing us, they will say, ‘Let us pardon those people who know no better. Let us be contented with insisting that justice grant no favour to the ringleaders.’

ringleaders of the rebellion, to those scoundrels who have beguiled the unhappy people.' Yes, comrade, if humanity should seem to be lost upon earth, I would find it locked up in the heart of our good Lord. Upon seeing us, he will shed tears of compassion on account of our wanderings; he will forget his own sufferings to comfort and relieve ours, and his favours, pointing the stings of our remorse, will sufficiently satisfy in him every desire of revenge.'—In this manner, these poor devils were bewailing their errors and their crimes, with a sincere repentance. They would have gained over and melted the old Devil himself, and even have made Folly wise, were not those events as impossible to be credited, as that a Robespierre could become a virtuous man.

Lucifer, in haste to arrive at Paris, continues his rout. Having arrived at Brussels, he had resolved to pass on without stopping; but Folly wished to take a turn in the Park, to hear the news. They alighted and ordered their carriage to wait
them

them at the outlet of the town. They walk to the Park. The fine weather had drawn thither a great deal of company.

On all sides they heard, 'At last those rascals, the patriots are fixed, and we are restored to our lawful sovereign. The peace, that we are about to enjoy, will indemnify us for the horrors those regicides made us endure, and will for ever, cure our people of the Francomania, as they are at last become sensible that they cannot be too much attached to the Government and to their religion.'

Several people were seated on a bench. 'Let us draw near,' says Folly, 'and listen what those people are saying, they seem very warm; doubtless there is some news.' Lucifer and his companion seated themselves. One was saying to the other. 'It is astonishing, in less than a month those Austrians have gained six battles, and have completely driven the patriots from Brabant and all the low countries. I am exceedingly sorry for it.' 'I acknowledge,' says a second, 'that
I regret

I regret exceedingly our Jacobin clubs. In a little time we might have brought things to a happy issue; but at present, all is hopeless.—I know not if there be any news; but we shall hear presently, I see the printer of the Gazette coming.’ ‘This fellow’ says a third’ ‘is sold to those Austrian dogs.’—At this expression, an officer in the dress of a townsman, who had till then said nothing, rises quickly, and, with his cane lustily laid on the shoulders of our patriotic news mongers, gave them some news to talk about, that they would not instantly forget. This unexpected salute set Folly a laughing; but Lucifer was afraid of the coming round, for the Officer eyed him with suspicion, not being acquainted with his strange figure. He proposed to Folly that they should retire, and made a very low bow to the officer, who did not return it, but went to bring the guard. The guard comes and arrests our travellers. They conduct them before the Comanding Officer. Upon seeing them pass, every body said ‘They are spies.’ ‘Who are

are you,' says the Commandant to Folly. Her answer was a laugh. 'This woman is a fool—who is she?' 'I know nothing about her' replies Lucifer. 'Let that fool go,' says the Commandant: 'and you what is your name?'—'My name?—yes—my name is You.' 'Of what country?' 'Mine is a devilish bad country indeed.' 'What do you call it?'—'Marfeiles.'—'Your passport?' 'My passport?' 'Yes.'—'What for?'—'To know whence you come and where you are going.'—'Into my country—with money and a pair of good legs one goes as far as he pleases without a passport.' 'What is your trade or occupation?' 'My trade or occupation?'—(He muses a moment) 'Why, Sir, the Devil's.' 'But in short what is it?' 'Why, fir, I am a Gentleman Glass-blower.' (Q) 'And where are you going?' 'To Paris.' 'On business no doubt?' 'Yes, to read the Brussels Gazette there, to know what news there may be in this city, since you do not chuse to permit such freedom here.'

'I believe

‘ I believe this iron coloured blackguard wishes to make game of us. Conduct him to jail.’ Folly who knew well that her companion would not stay long in confinement, attended him laughing all the way at the adventure. They desire Lucifer to walk in, with a few blows of the halberd.—There he lies under lock and key with a sentinel at the door, and they think him safely lodged and well guarded. But in a short time after he passes through the key hole; and with a blast of wind, which was none of the coldest, overturns the sentinel who thought he heard a clap of thunder.

He rejoins his fellow Traveller. ‘ You must own,’ says he, to her, ‘ that we have paid dear for our curiosity. But let us set off as quickly as possible. My flight will convince my jailors that I am the Devil. What pleases me is, that their superiors, accusing them of negligence, will put them in my place, and I shall have the laugh on my side at last.’

CHAP. VII.

Lucifer and his fair Companion, leaving Brussels, pass near Mons and Cambray—See the Bishop of Verdun travelling to Paris ;—halt at Senlis—See Bailly and his wife.

THEY proceed to join their aerial carriage at the city gate, and find the wind who was blowing rudely in the faces of passengers.

They set off, resolved to stop no more by the way, to avoid such troublesome adventures. Passing at Mons, they perceived General Dumourier, who had been able to make good his retreat in good time. Folly recognized Camus through the iron bars of a prison window; though his nose was a foot long, and though restlessness and rage had greatly altered his features. Wherever they came, they heard shouts of rejoicing. ‘Long live the Austrians.’ Long live their brave and illustrious leaders. Unanimity and harmony seemed to be restored among
the

the inhabitants who were at last cured of the French disease.

They were continuing their journey when they perceived near Cambray, an ass, with a pair of hampers. In one of these was the constitutional Bishop of Verdun, who was prudently leaving, for the last time, his episcopal seat. For a counter-balance in the other was Fanny his house-keeper, to whom he had often hinted proposals of marriage. This gentleman was a great naturalist, and had endeavoured to find out ways and means to make the tree of liberty productive; in order to shew the futility of their opinion, who insists that it will bear no fruit. He intending to present a convincing proof of the proposition to the convention: one that would speak both to their eyes and ears. Fanny expected every moment to bring to light some fruit of it, that she had in her keeping. Remorse might also attend this constitutional intruder, were a man without modesty capable of feeling.

At the moment of his setting out, he had given his ass a little oats by way of a trial, telling him, 'Come, friend, let us travel as quick as possible, for the Austrians may overtake us. Stop not, nor mind those thistles thou mayest meet along the roads, of which thou makest thy ordinary fare. At noon thou shalt have a good bait, good hay, plenty of oats, and abundance of litter to lie on. I wish thy species henceforth to enjoy the same advantages with horses.'

The ass promised every thing, and rejoiced in the hopes of seeing his condition bettered. He had walked with long steps since the morning, and already the hour of rest was past, when, all at once, he stops, and will not stir a foot farther: prayers, threats, all fail to have any effect. *The belly has no ears.* Besides his burden weighed heavy on his shoulders. From threats they came to blows. The Bishop swore like a dragoon; Fanny too, she pricked the ass with a pin in the most sensible part; immediately, rearing before and behind, he capers about right
and

and left, dances and leaps, and overturns his whole load in a heap of clay which doubtless he had chosen on purpose. There lie our Episcopal Bridegroom and Bride covered with the hampers.

‘ Ah Fanny,’ cries the Bishop, ‘ my neck’s broke ;’ ‘ and my back,’ replies Fanny. Says the ass, ‘ you beguiled me, giving and promising me more butter than bread. Before I had the honour of being your *steed* I carried cabbage to market, and my load was not so heavy : with an equal step I travelled on, passing from side to side of the road, satisfying my taste for thistles ; making a long neck, I could, now and then, reach some cabbage leaves which cooled my mouth. In short, I was contented with my condition. Why have you seduced me, putting me under a regimen that agrees not with my constitution ? Besides, you have broke your word with me. Good evening, good folk, I am tired of your service.’ He takes to the gallop, and makes off to find his former masters and their hampers of greens,

K 3

leaving

leaving the good Bishop and Fanny in the mud. (R)

Some people, who have seen nothing, and doubt of every thing, will say that a speaking ass is quite fabulous. Without having recourse to the past ages of distant antiquity to prove that this is not the first ass that has had the use of speech, I would only ask such people, 'Have you not heard of Bellegrade, the Deputy of Angouleme to the National Tripot, or Pandemonium, how he once mounted the tribune? I could name you many more, who like him, could speak only once, a short speech, but full of meaning, *In my opinion he ought to be put to death.*

Others will say perhaps, 'how could this Bishop, going from Verdun to Paris, be found on the road from Flanders?' The answer is easy, This clergyman had long left the *right road.*

Lucifer and Folly arrive near Senlis. The lady wishes to stop here, to see some of her acquaintance. They alight hard by the town. Two of the national guards stop them.—

'Who

‘ Who are you?—Whence come you?—Your passports?’ Lucifer replies, ‘ We come, and go, as we think proper :—our passports? there they are,’ giving each of them a hearty box in the ear.

Folly laughed so heartily that she dislocated her jaw ; with a stroke of his knee, Lucifer puts it right again ; but he had nearly broke it. She was quit, however, with the loss of one of her teeth. Thus she found the remedy worse than the disease : a thing we see happen daily.

The guards, recovered from the stun occasioned by this diabolic buffet, cried, ‘ They are Aristocrates. The guard ! the guard !’—The guard comes, twelve in number, with fixed bayonets. The affair was becoming serious, but Lucifer was not to be daunted. He steps in before the Princess, shews an enormous fist, with the thumb cocked, which they took for a double barreled pistol, in which they thought they saw a counter revolution. With eyes that seemed to start from their sockets, he advances. Our gentlemen,

tllemen, in the national uniform, save themselves, crying, 'It is the Devil: It is the Devil become Aristocrate. Live and run. Escape who can.' They make off tumbling, one over the other. Three were down. Lucifer, under his own proper figure, applies a claw to each, tweaking their noses, saying, 'people will know these rogues again.' He runs after him who had cried loudest, 'It is the Devil,' overtakes him, and, as the cook does with a pullet, gives his neck a twist, to prevent his divulging the secret of his arrival; but whispers in his ear, 'Go tell my friends in the regions below that thou hast seen me here.' Instantly they remount their aerial car, and continue their rout.

'I see a nose;' says Folly, as they drew near Paris: 'without doubt we shall soon see the figure to which it belongs.'—After an hour's travel, they recognize Bailly the Astronomer, who was gazing at the stars. He was consulting them, to know how he had come to be Mayor of Paris, and why
 he

he had not become a father, (S) whether it was recorded among the stars, that in the various vicissitudes of this lower world, he should not be lengthened or shortened. His wife was drawing him by the skirt of his coat. 'Let us take care of ourselves,' says she, 'come, my dear, think no more of Capricorn, I beseech you. Let us provide for our safety: the Austrians are at hand. I hear some noise. It is cannon, surely. Ah! I feel myself badly. All is over with us. Alas, my poor husband.'

'My dear,' replies Bailly, 'be easy; my successor Pethion has done so many fine things, that they will forget me. Besides, let us go consult our friend Condorcet.' 'Alas, my dear, you know that poor Condorcet has been long delirious, and that his advice could serve no good purpose, except it were to get us hanged. The shortest way, my dear, would be to sleep this night in Japan, or at least at Charenton: what thinkest thou darling of my soul?'

While

While she was delivering this fine pressing speech, she put her hand under her husband's chin—and he assumed his usual state.

‘ Travelling is costly, my dear,’ says he, ‘ we shall be safe at Charenton, * we have friends there; but fear nothing.’ He thought to restore her courage by giving her a little kiss: but—no—her heart beat too quick, and I know not what might have been the consequence on the spot, had it not been for fear of the Austrians. They made all haste to get home. But as Bailly had lost the use of his legs, during two years that the constitutional brutes of Paris had drawn him in his gilded coach, his wife, finding that he did not walk quick enough, took him on her back. ‘ There was need only of this,’ says he, ‘ to prove the reality of thy affection. It is only in the moment of danger, that one can judge of their true friends.’

Lucifer beheld, with admiration, the good nature and abilities of Madam Bailly. ‘ Be
not

* In this Village, about a mile from Paris, there is an asylum for lunatics and ideots.

not surpris'd, my Lord,' says Folly, 'we are approaching a city where husbands and wives bear each other on their shoulders alternately. (T) I am sorry, however, to observe that Madam Bailly begins to be warm, and that her husband intimates no desire that she should take a moment to breathe.' 'I am going to give her a cooling,' says the Devil. Instantly he orders the cloud to pour down a heavy shower of rain upon this loving couple. Immediately a deluge pours upon Bailly, who lost not a drop of it: but at his alighting, he had the pleasure to find that his lady was as dry as a match.



C H A P. VIII.

Their arrival at Paris—reception and adventures—Le Clerc. Their arrival at the Palais Royal. Old Fortune-teller—The Tailor.

OUR illustrious travellers arrive at last at Paris. This capital, so famous for its pimps and panders, its deputies, its patriots, its fans culottes, its regicides, its pick pockets, its fashions, its cuckolds, its assassins, its journalists, its asses of Mont Martre, its crowded bridewells, its quacks, its prisons, its rogues, its uniforms, its spies, its disloyal Palace, its national covention, its hackney-coaches, its dung hills, its lanterns, its hangmen, its murderers, its brothels, its manufacture of assignats; this city—in short, in which, for four years, the one half cuts the throats of the other, if it do not sing in proper time, *ca ira, ca ira*.

Lucifer did not think it consistent with his dignity, to arrive like a blackguard. He sends his pages before him to inform his agents

gents of his arrival, and, by way of signal, causes a terrible clap of thunder.

That very moment, one of the Deputies was announcing at the tribune of the Assembly that the Austrians were advancing with gigantic steps. He communicated his alarm and panic to all the rest. On hearing the clap of thunder, they thought they saw them already at the city gates. During the silence caused by their surprise and astonishment, those who had voted for the king's death, looked at each other, and broke silence only by crying, ' Mercy on us. Let every one take care of himself.' Those who had often repeated, ' We will die in our places,' were already a good way off; the rest, who had harangued their fellow citizens, in order to persuade them to go to the frontiers, to get their bones broke, were not the last to quit the house.

The Devil had appointed the rendezvous of his agents at the Palais de loyal, knowing it was that of all the villains of the country, and the habitation of their chief.

L

Wishing

Wishing to walk through the city on foot, to know something of its form and extent at least, and not to appear a booby arrived at Paris, from some distant province, for the first time, he dismisses, at the gate, the cloud and the wind. They resolved to go into the southern provinces, and promised mutually not to forsake each other. You would have thought them two inseparable friends, especially after having so amicably sustained together the fatigues and inconveniences of so long a journey. But scarce had they travelled a hundred and odd leagues, when the wind remarked, that the cloud, while passing over Paris, had attracted a mephitic air, a circumstance inconsistent with every idea of honour and good fellowship. He discovers in him, soon after, every vice, particularly selfishness and ingratitude, two monsters equally dishonourable to human society. There was no longer that frankness between them as before. They became like those friends of the day, that caress you, and court your favour, because they have need

need of your services; but as soon as you can be no longer of service to them, they have forgot you. Gratitude, that feeling so pleasing and so natural, but which is peculiar to the virtuous and the feeling heart, seems to humble their self-love and consequence, by the remembrance of the favours you have done them.

You, for whom Nature and Fortune have prepared all the enjoyments of a beneficent heart, and the means of indulging the generous desires of doing good, if you have the misfortune to find some persons ungrateful, be assured that the public opinion gives you ample revenge. Besides, those who prove ungrateful can never deprive you of that inward satisfaction which always accompanies a consciousness of a good intention, and which is its reward. Consider also how readily an unhappy person thinks himself humbled and hurt. In doing him a favour, listen not to pride, which, sometimes, beguiles humanity, in taking indirect means to publish the generous act. People take

this method who shew themselves generous only through ostentation, and who are only sorry for a person's ingratitude because of his silence, the bad effect of which they take care to prevent, by whispering the secret in confidence to proper persons; or by employing agents, whose foreseen indiscretion gratifies their self-love, the sole motive of their actions. Never forget, while you bestow a favour on him who is so unfortunate as to need it, that you ought not to cease, with respect to him, to fulfill all the duties which the laws of human society prescribe, in like manner as you behave towards those who have no occasion for your service or assistance. To fail in this respect would be equivalent to a reproof, and an injury which might be considered as sufficient to cancel the bond of gratitude; and if after that he should consider himself as bound by it, he would be more generous than you. But to what purpose this moral lecture? Those whose hearts are disposed to acts of beneficence have no occasion for it; others will
pay

pay no attention to it. The wind will mind it as much as they. I return to the *wind*, then.

The wind was so mortified to think that the *cloud* intended to leave him, so soon as he had no farther need of him, and that his belief that he was his sincere friend proceeded from mistake alone, that he resolved to disengage himself from him immediately. He blew with such violence that he burst the cloud, which, by its falling in a body caused the waters of the little river *Slow* to overflow their banks, and almost swallowed up the city *La Roche*: the inhabitants fled to the neighbouring heights, till the waters subsided. Ah, my dear fellow citizens, may I soon see us reunited, congratulating each other mutually on having escaped from disasters and misfortunes, in being delivered from those monsters which ravage our country, and shouting with loyal hearts, Long live the King: Long live the Queen: The family of Bourbon for ever! We have not to say let us return to our sheep: but to

our illustrious Travellers, the Devil and his fair companion.

Upon their entering the city a sentinel stops them, and cries, ‘*Quick!* Turn out!’ Instantly a whole squad bursts out of the guard-house. The Officer says to his men, ‘Comrades, be so good as fix your bayonets, march forward.’ The sentinel replies, ‘Captain, this Gentleman has no cockade: he is undoubtedly an aristocrate come to Paris to eat our bread and encrease the scarcity.’ ‘Citizen,’ says the Officer to Lucifer, ‘why have you not a cockade?’—‘I have not the honour, Sir, of being enrolled in any military corps; besides, I am a stranger, and am come to find employment.’—‘Ha! I see well by your mein that you are one of us,’ says the Officer, tapping him on the shoulder.---Lucifer, in fact was very like Dubois de Crance; that is to say he was very like one of those ugly figures that people see arriving daily in Paris for some years past, and whom people of character,

recter, filled with horreur at the name, call the Marseilloise.

‘ You must have a cockade, Citizen: without that they will take you for an aristocrate, and you will not go far without being hung upon some lamp post.’ ‘ What is it you call an aristocrate?’ says Lucifer. ‘ They are people that you will see have their throats cut here for the amusement of the mob.’

A fruit woman, who kept close by the guardhouse door all day, and was under the protection of the whole corps, who helped her off with her roasted chesnuts, which she sold to passengers, makes up to the Devil, and presents some cockades which she had for sale too. Lucifer asks the price, and thinks them devilish dear.---‘ Look at this greasy dog; he thinks the cockade too dear,’ says the woman, with a hoarse voice, having one hand upon her *side*, and with the other holding the cockades to the Devil’s nose: ‘ Ha, thou shalt take one, thou shalt.’ In short,

short, they did not suit his taste, and he would have none of them.

The woman tips the wink to the captain of the guard, who would have gone round the world on all four to serve her. He gives him a rude push, telling him, 'It is absolutely necessary, Sir, that you buy one of them; otherwise you see these bayonets.'---'But it is astonishing that you insult me, and that I am not at liberty to buy one where I please.' 'You will see abundance of others, Sir,' says a man passing on horseback full gallop.

It behoved him to pay what the Captain's lady demanded, to shun the blows that were getting ready for him, to prove that the law of the strongest puts to silence the claims of reason and of right. 'It seems very disagreeable travelling in this country,' says the Devil to Folly, as he was going away; 'one cannot go into any town without meeting some disagreeable adventure. I am not surprised that we meet few strangers travelling here. Without doubt there reigns some epidemic distemper in the country, and they are

are afraid of catching the infection.' 'Really,' says a man that happened to be passing at the time, 'there is such a distemper, they call it the *Francomania*; it attacks the brain chiefly, and at last makes people quite furious and mad: they meditate on nothing but massacres, setting fire to cities, and the destruction of every thing not their own, or that they cannot use as such. We hope soon to find a cure for it. The most eminent Physicians of Germany, England, Sardinia, Spain, and Holland, are busy considering the case, and making out a proper prescription. A Chemist of my acquaintance informs me that a great deal of saltpetre, sulphur, charcoal, lead, iron, and steel enter into its composition. It will be a strong dose, he tells me, and violent in its operation. But violent diseases generally require such remedies. Several have been cured already by being let blood. But what is enough for one constitution is not enough for another. The part of the nation that happens not to be infected is exposed to very great

great hardships and danger. Many are gone abroad to breathe a purer air in foreign countries, to shun the consequences of this dangerous malady.' 'Do they know the causes of this disease?' says Lucifer to the person he was talking with. 'Faith, Sir, You may believe that the Devil and Folly lent a hand to sow the seeds of it in France.' At this answer Lucifer smiles as well as Folly. Says the one to the other in a whisper, 'This man seems to judge very justly of things that have gone much further than are wished.'

This honest man seeing the Devil whisper to Folly supposes he is a Sans Culotte, and is afraid that he has said too much. 'This fellow is going to denounce me, to get the hundred livres given to an informer: I am undone: I must take some other road.' (U) He makes his bow and leaves them. 'By this man's discourse,' says Lucifer, 'they seem still to believe in my existence. This makes me think there has been
some

some change in their sentiments since the departure of Asmodeus.'

As they were going along, a petit-maitre, comes up behind them in the National Uniform, riding in a phaeton, driving at an immense rate. This Jehu cried, 'Make way,' only once in the half hour, that he might not strain his lungs. Wo betide the wretch that happened to be in his way, and did not hear the rattling of his carriage. He bespatters Folly from head to foot. The end of the axle of his carriage takes hold of the skirt of the Devil's coat, which it tears compleatly, after having dragged himself along with it for an instant.

A Devil is not overstocked with patience: he gets up, furious as a wild boar kept at bay by the dogs, runs after the phaeton, stops it, and asks this gentleman in the National Uniform, what right he had to ride down foot passengers. 'And why did not you get out of the way, creature? Did not I cry *Gare?*' (X) 'Creature yourself, Sirrah; Suppose you had cried a thousand times

times *Gare*, is that any reason for riding down people and tearing their clothes?' Russian, this was the fellow's name, did not hesitate a moment, with regard to what was to be done. He thought that a good lash with his whip would very much abridge the conversation which was not hitherto very entertaining. He gives it in the most dextrous and effectual manner he could apply it. It was no longer one Devil; you would have thought it was an hundred, he was in such a hellish passion. He rests one of his claws upon the leg of this insolent fop, drags him from his carriage, catches him pretty strait by the neck, and heaves him into a dung cart that happened to be passing at the time.

The spectators clap their hands, crying, 'Bravo! Bravo!' Even those very persons who a minute before had been highly entertained with the tearing of the coat, and the crack of the whip; but, there is occasion for a little firmness only, to get the mob on your side in any country.

A man

A man approaches the Devil, and tells him in a half whisper, 'Take care of yourself, Sir, immediately, for he is Commander of a Batallion : I am sure of it : I know him, for he was my shoemaker. Besides, he is the intimate friend of Philip Egalite, and of Pethion.' 'Well,' replies Lucifer, 'if you meet him again, tell him that he was wrong to quit his trade to serve those villains.'

Meantime the General was waddling like a duck in the dung-cart. The driver archly had cried 'Jee!' to his horses ; and, with a few smart lashes of his long whip, had made them mend their pace. They were out of sight, in a twinkling.

One of those people who have all their wits about them, and can lay hold of an opportunity when they fall in with it, of augmenting the stock of their moveables, with nimble step mounted the empty carriage, and disappeared like a flash of lightning, singing

Who that can ride in a carriage,
Would lagger a-foot in the mud ?

M

Welcome

Welcome good fortune, and marriage,
When seiz'd in the spring of the flood*.

Folly had a violent inclination to laugh, but she durst not, for his Majesty was somewhat testy, in consequence of seeing his coat torn. 'Who will they take *me* for?' says she,—'and *you*? who are bespattered up to the ears.'

A little man with a very short round wig, a parcel under his arm, and his elbows close to his sides, comes up to Lucifer, and, with an officious air, gives him a printed paper. 'Sir,' says he, 'I am a Tailor at your service: this is my address.' Lucifer takes it, saying, we shall look at it.

In Clery street, there was at the window one of those females who draw Bills of exchange payable at sight on all passengers. She imagines Lucifer to be alone, calls 'hem! hem! you have dropt some thing!' He lifts his eyes, and sees a young beauty,
who

* Alluding to a passage in Shakespeare, that there is a tide in human affairs which ensures success to those who seize it.

who with a smile and a nod, informed him that she was weary of being alone; two months before she had quarrelled with the ex-capuchin Chabot, Deputy to the National Convention, who mournfully wept for the pleasures that he had paid her with the national assignats, but which he could not forget.

Lucifer thought her handsome enough, and was ogling her with an arch leer, when down comes a cage with a parrot in it, to which pufs had wish'd to make love, from the third story, right upon his head. Nothing but the brain pan of a Devil could have stood it. Any other person had been killed on the spot. He was only stunned a little. He picks up the cage. Luckily the bird was not a whit the worse for the fall; fixing his eyes upon Lucifer, he begins to sing 'Patspata poll, vive la nation!—l'Egalite---a a a vive la liberte.' (pronouncing the last word, he tried to bite the Devil.) 'Have you dined,' says he, 'Jacky.' 'Oui, oui.' 'On what?' 'Rot, rot---vive la nation?'

‘It is astonishing,’ says the Devil to Folly, ‘how the brutes speak in this country. — Supposing that the creature could keep up a continued conversation, he asks it why it cries ‘Vive la nation.’ The poor creature knew nothing of the matter; they had taught it this; it repeated it by rote: they had talked to it of roast meat, but its pittance was as that of many others who have been such dupes as to expect that they should have roasted larks for the lifting.

The bird’s master was all this while coming down stairs, four steps at a time, at the risk of his neck, to get it, as on it depended the only hope he had of making his fortune, for he had taught it all that he knew himself. The Devil delivers it up to him, judging that the sole difference between the bird and its master was this, the one had hair, the other feathers.

The cries of Paris stunned and quite deafen’d Lucifer. ‘One hears nothing like this,’ said he, ‘in hell.’ One carriage on this side, another on that. A man at the
gallop

gallop on horseback rides down one; another is overturned in his whisky: cries of all kinds——‘ Water!’ ‘ Buy my fine onions!’——‘ Flowers for flower-pots!’——‘ Carp! Carp!’ (Y) A very big woman crying, ‘ Tripe! for brutes. Tripe! for brutes. Who wants chiterlings?’ The cats, accustomed to hear the same cry, at the same post, were got to the windows demanding their daily portion, ‘ Me yow, me yow:’ the dogs, who did not wish to give up their share, cry ‘ Meuf---meuf.’---Women quite tipsy in constancy with the Sans Culottes with pikes in their hands, were reeling along, singing

At us who chuse to laugh,
Of these shall have their share:
Their heart’s blood we will quaff
At us who rudely stare.

Regarding every body with a wild and savage look, and ready to knock every one down that should offend them, they terrified even Folly herself. On all sides they hear the sound of drums. Every where

they meet armed batallions dragging along with them a train of artillery always ready to launch their thunders, and instant death, on the least signal from blood thirsty-despots, who look upon that as lost time which their emissaries, fatigued with carnage, spend in sleep or in bed. Here is an unhappy old man whom they are conducting to prison. Why? Because hunger made him say, ‘When we had but one king, we had bread.’ To make him change his note, they are preparing to cut his throat. A child recognises its father, and reclaims his liberty. To make it hold its tongue, they knock it down.---An immense croud of people were returning from an execution performed by the guillotine. The air of gaiety in every face seemed to announce some victory gained, or some public festival. Lucifer asked two ladies who were walking arm in arm. ‘Whence come all these people?’ ‘We have been,’ said they, ‘speaking both at once, seeing a woman whom Doctor Guillotine has cured of the toothach.’ ‘Who is this great

great Doctor? and what is his cure?' 'Guillotine is a Doctor to his business,' replied one of them. 'Not knowing which way to rid himself of his numerous patients, he has substituted, instead of disgusting drugs, an instrument, by means of which they can cut off eight hundred heads per day. What a fertile genius he has! There is not, in the world, any remedy more efficacious to cure restlessness, *want of sleep*, the gravel, the gout, or the toothach. The woman whose cure we were seeing performed just now, was cured in this way.'

Folly is apt to run into all the extravagancies that we see daily put in practice in the world; but she has not a bad heart. She could not comprehend how people,—women especially,—could find a subject of pleasantry in the punishment of any person, in that even of the greatest criminal. She observes a man, who did not seem to have mixed with the croud, from a principle of idle curiosity, but was passing soberly along: she asks him, 'Who was this poor
unfortunate

unfortunate woman, whom they have been putting to death? Was she a great criminal?' 'Alas, by no means,' replies the man: 'her heart was incapable of committing any crime. She was a poor servant maid. This unhappy woman wept daily the fate of her old master and mistress, who had been massacred for having dared to shed tears on the death of our unfortunate king. She had had the courage and the imprudence to say in a coffee-house, that all the abuses of the old government had never been so cruel as the present anarchy. She added, that the republic would soon come to nothing, she hoped; and that we should again see our lawful Prince on the throne. Some infamous spies, in the pay of the Assembly, had heard this woman speak her mind in this manner, and went to denounce her. They apprehended her: she was thrown into a dungeon. When she was brought before her judges, her advocate, wishing to save her, said, "My Lords, this poor woman was intoxicated with wine when she spoke against the present

present

present government.” “I never drank wine in my life,” replied this woman in a firm tone of voice.—“She is out of her senses, poor creature.”—“I know not why my answers should occasion any suspicion of that.”

‘Her judges, astonished at her indifference, and provoked by her opinion which prescribed her, condemned her to death. She heard her sentence with a firmness that seemed to defy those butchers. The multitude you see, are coming from attending her punishment, which she has suffered with a resignation belonging only to virtuous souls, filled with horror from living among monsters, and inspired with confidence in the justice of the Almighty.’

O virtuous and worthy Le Clerc, may my existence hereafter be ennobled, rendered more worthy of my own esteem, and of that of others, by being permitted to strew thy grave with flowers: may I live to see thy posterity, if worthy of their parent,
raised

raised to the rank of nobility.* At this story tears rushed into the eyes of Folly, though one could scarce have believed it, the Devil himself said, 'I can bear it no longer: Let us go on.' At last he arrives at the Palace so little worthy of the name of Royal,† which one enters with astonishment, and quits with that horror which the rendezvous of villains and the abode of Egalite inspire. Upon entering the court, Folly sees an old woman whom she recognizes as a lucky adventurer. She was one of those striking figures one never forgets. A visage of the colour of burnt bread, eyes bordered with red, a mouth extended from ear to ear; when one had seen her nose, he might say he had seen a first rate nose indeed; it might have served for
a sign

* The French Revolution presents such scenes of barbarity as were never exhibited by the Visigoths; but it presents also many instances of heroism to which history can scarce produce any that are parallel.

† The residence of the Duke of Orleans was called the Palais Royal, but the Royalists distinguish it now by the following name Le Palais de loyal.

a sign to a snuff-shop, it was so immensely large, and so powdered and mired with snuff.

Folly makes up to her, 'Well how go matters?' 'Not too well,' replies the hag, 'My affairs keep pace with those of the times. I have lost almost all my customers; some have been massacred, others have gone to the Devil, I know neither where nor how. I can hardly earn bread and water. However, I have been in luck to day. Pe-thion sent for me to draw his horoscope.' 'Well, what have you seen?' 'A black enough sight.' 'Have you told him everything?' 'Yes, almost; but one must not tell all at once, in the same day; something must be reserved that people may send for one again.' 'What, have you told him that he must be—hanged?' 'Better than that, but what amused me was that his wife, while I was predicting that he should be broken on the wheel, on a monday, was tenderly squeezing the hand of a young clerk, and
her

her eyes seemed to say, well then, we shall be married on Sunday.'

Ah Madam Pethion! Madam Pethion! what were you doing there?

"What?"—said Pethion, without seeming much struck, he appeared to be a good deal uneasy. His fellow patriot Brissot (Z) said to him, "We must go to the United States, with some cash to save our necks. We shall find some means or other to manage the matter, take courage." "It is not easy," replied Pethion, "to raise money. There is no scarcity of assignats, but there is no longer any cash in France. Could we find enough even for our passage; once arrived at a place of security, there would be no further cause of fear: should I even take to my former business of a pastry cook, we shall be able to live: you will make books: If I do not sell my pies, we will eat them: if your works do not sell, we will read them: thus time will pass wonderfully easy. We shall find ourselves so happy in having escaped a halter. To get away we will assume
some

some disguise; for my own part, if I find it necessary, I shall pluck out one eye to save the other.'---'But I leave you,' says the old fortune-teller; 'I see one coming that I would not wish to meet: I owe him a few glasses of aquavita, that I drink in the mornings, as an antidote against the effects of bad air. Adieu.'

Lucifer proposes to his companion to go to the Tailor's, whose address he had got, to purchase a new suit. He finds the shop readily.

Mr Coarscloth, this was the Tailor's name, recollects him, makes a very low bow, and sets an arm chair for Folly; and shews dresses of all sorts and sizes, fashions and forms, old and new: none fits.--'I have *stuffs*, Sir, different kinds of cloth,' says the broker. 'If you please, I'll take your measure, and content you. I clothe a great part of the nation, and always according to conscience.' He shows him different pieces of cloth, of every colour. The Devil finds none of them suit his taste. 'I am sorry for
N it,'

it,' says he to the merchant. 'I shall remember it some other time.' He was going away. 'Fold up those pieces of cloth, citizen,' says the merchant, 'since thou hast made me unfold them.' Lúcifer looks at the fellow, shrugs up his shoulders and says to him, 'I am not in the practice of measuring and folding cloth; you surely take me for some other person.' He goes out. 'There's an aristocrate,' says the merchant; 'he is not yet fully convinced of the law of equality: it will be proper to bring him about a little. Do you fold up those pieces.' 'Faith,' replies the clerk, 'you may fold them yourself.' Mr Coarsecloth, who did not expect any such answer, though it was quite of a piece with the lesson he had wished to give Lucifer, said not a word but folded up the cloth, and paid off his clerk.

CHAP.

C H A P. IX.

They return to the Tailor's—possess him and his wife. Conversation of the Tailor with his wife and child.

‘THIS seems an impertinent fellow,’ says Lucifer, ‘I could wish to bambouze him a little.’ ‘Nothing more easy,’ says Folly; ‘we can render ourselves invincible. Let us go back to his house again: you shall take possession of the husband, and I of the wife. We shall set them a quarreling all night.’ Instantly they are with our Broker again who was just shutting his shop, for it was late. His wife was writing, at the same time, a love letter. A little girl of seven years old, her daughter, was watching if Papa had done, that Mamma might not be surprisèd. Lucifer takes possession of the husband—Folly of the wife.

I shall now repeat *verbatim*, the conversation of Husband, Wife, and Child.

N 3

Husband.

Husband. Did you notice that strange fellow who found nothing that could fit him?

Wife. And his wife too—if in fact she were his;—had not she much the look of a fool?

Husband. If he had not told me that he had got his coat torn, I should have taken him for a Sans Culotte, he had such a villainous look, but by his manner at going away, I judge him to be an aristocrate, for there are of them of all sorts in appearance.

Wife. His doxy had a hat of a very queer shape.—But, speaking of hats, did you see that of the late princess, that pass'd our shop this morning? How do you like it?

Husband. I never, in my life, saw a prettier, or better looking hat.

Wife. (*assuming a coaxing tone.*) My dear you should buy me one like it.

Husband. You do not consider, my dear, that your station and fortune admit not of such expence.

Wife. What call you my station? Are we not all equal now? As to fortune---that's another

ther thing,—but we are making it better every day. Do you think that a fine hat would not become me as well as that lady we saw have one! The expence is not so considerable that you should refuse to buy me one.

Husband. You are a little unreasonable in your demands, sometimes; and I should not shew myself a very wise man, in satisfying every whim of your young giddy head. Do but consider, here is one child, another at nurse, others coming we hope; we must study œconomy.

Wife. That's all very true; but I *will* positively have a hat.

Husband. No; I cannot afford it, and *will* not buy it.

Wife. (*assuming a dissatisfied tone*) Well, Sir, since you refuse me that pleasure, I know what I'll do: I'll have one—that's most certain.

Husband. You *will* have one, you say? Well, I know what I'll do too, if I see it. Is it the attorney's clerk, Mr Andrew, who

has put that in your head? For I begin to be suspicious of that rascal, who always wants a button for his coat, to have a pretext for coming here, no doubt. I warn you, Madam Coarsecloth, that he has given me a good deal of uneasiness already: Yes, a great deal, and that the first day I see him I shall thank him for his custom, and be off with him.

The little Daughter. Ah, Papa, you are wrong to be angry with Mr Andrew. He is so pretty: his pockets are always full of sweet-meats. He never comes without giving Mamma some, and me too. I love Mr Andrew, were it only for Mamma's sake, who said to him only the other day, What vast pleasure you give me, Mr Andrew!

Wife. Hold your peace, child.

Husband. Ha! Mr Andrew gives you pleasure, Madam; that is enough. Well: his conduct gives me none. I do not mean that ever he shall set his foot within my door again. Let him not come back; for——

The

The Child. But Papa,——

Wife. Will you not hold your peace,——
forward creature?

The Child. Papa gives me no sweet-meats; Mr Andrew gives me some. Papa chides you, and Mr Andrew gives you nosegays and sweet-meats. He embraces you as heartily as I do. Alas, I shall be very unhappy not to see my little husband.

The Husband. Mr Andrew gives the child sweetmeats, and embraces the mother.—— All this is charming. I am no longer so much astonished that Madam has had for some time past a disagreeable temper. She must have fine hats to please her Mr Andrew; and then every body will tell me: In truth Mr Coarsecloth, in your place, I should not endure all that.---Your wife will ruin you.

Wife. Who could say so? Yes, that must be your Sunday's lady.

Husband. What do you mean by my Sunday's lady?

Wife. Do you think I am blind enough not to see your attention to Mrs Beaver,
with

with whom I saw you, once and again, on Sundays, at the Thuilleries, giving her your arm, &c.? Of all the hatters in Paris, her husband is by far the most respectable man; but his wife—would to God she was your's.

Husband. You are a fool, Madam Coarse-cloth! Let us leave off, I beg of you, and above every thing promise never to see your Mr Andrew again; and think no more of the hat.

Wife. (crying) A, a, a! poor Lifette, how unhappy, how wretched thou art; he refuses thee every thing.—Thou wilt even be refused permission to see people of good character. But thou art very good natured to bear all that.—Ha! but for that matter; no.—I shall not be such a fool neither. I shall see whom I think proper;—and I shall have a hat;—Yes, I shall have one, were it only to put you in a rage; or, we shall see.

Husband. Well! we shall see.

Wife. (rising hastily) What is it we shall see? worthless ram cat, wilt thou beat me? Oh, I fear thee not: there is a proof of it.

Saying

Saying this, she gave him two hearty cuffs, which were repaid her with the interest, cent per cent, in double the number. She wished to get hold of his hair, but happily he wore a wig. With one blow of his fist, he laid her at his feet, threatening, with one polite expression after another, to throw her over the window! (The Devil and Folly were tittering)

The Child. (all in tears) Ah, Papa! Ah, Mamma.

Wife. (rising) Monster, thou hast beat me; thou shalt hear of it—Go. I am going to inform every body of it. The neighbours will have heard. I'll tell every body that you are an aristocrate. I shall have the pleasure of seeing thy neck on the block. The guillotine shall shorten thy prating. Ah! how I am to be pitied! But I can cease to be so, since Pethion, Manuel, Danton, and Roberespierre, have permitted people to unmarry themselves; since divorce has the sanction of public authority, why should I not take the benefit of the law? Besides so
many

many others have done so. Yes, I will, to be thy wife no longer. I *will*, a divorce; I *will*, a divorce.——

Husband. With all my heart; and from this day you shall espouse your favourite, Mr Andrew. I think they shall not find my name in the list of married folks again.

Lucifer, hearing them talk of a divorce, left off electrifying the husband, and engaged Folly to stop also. Says he to her in a *low voice*, ‘If divorce should come to be established in France, I should no longer be able to keep my devils within bounds, my returns of the damned should be vastly diminished, I should lose a hundred for one. ‘May it please your Majesty,’ replies Folly, ‘I approved of it very much, I own it; but it is enough that it does not suit you, to make me give up my opinion this moment.’ —(Let us see how the squabble will end, now that they are no longer electrified.)

Wife. You will do well not to marry again; for my part, I shall be very well satisfied in being

being no longer Mrs Coarsecloth, without assuming any other name.

The Child (still weeping) Mamma, if you be no longer Papa's wife, I'll be no longer your daughter; what will become of me whom you both love?

Wife. You shall be always my daughter; you shall live with me, on condition that you never speak to me about the miscreant that hath beat me.

Husband. Thou shalt stay with me, my dear child: thy friendship will make up for the vexation that thy mother has given me. I *will* that thou be no longer with her, who is so graceless that she struck me first.

Child. Ah, yes that is true, Mamma, you began: this will prevent our seeing my little husband. I shall get no more sweet cakes: and yourself, He will give you no more pleasure.

Husband. Thou art right, Child, thy mother began: I could not have thought it of her: it is terrible!—for a hat that I should have been weak enough to give her, I believe,
if

if she had gone another way about it—But
—*I will.*—*I shall have one*—*I know what I*
shall do, I——

Wife. If you had not said peevishly *I will not buy it*—Could you ever imagine that such a tone would be agreeable to your wife? No, I am not so unreasonable as to refuse to pay attention to good reasons; and you know so well how to manage me, Mr Coarse-cloth, when you have a mind. But you have that sort of temper that you fly in a passion for nothing.

Husband. You are wrong, my dear love, to say so: you go to upbraid me with my Sunday Lady, Mrs Beaver, that I never thought of more than on the lady of the Great Mogul, that's certain; and besides you know what I have often said to you, I don't love Mrs Beaver, she copies those giddy ladies, that one sees running up and down the city in riding-habits, frizzed, and powdered, and drest like fools, with their hat stuck above one ear, a switch in their hand, which they toss about at the risque of
hitting

hitting every one that passes by them; having in short a martial air that one would say, Here is a Marlborough setting out for the war: Besides, if I see her, at any time, it is you yourself who say to me do go to Mrs Beaver's; she has great connexions; she's acquainted with all the genteel people; people of fashion visit her, and perhaps you may, by her means get customers.

Wife. I may have been wrong, but I was piqued that you reproached me with respect to Mr Andrew, he is a fine lad; that's all; if he was disagreeable to you, you could have said so, without flying out into a passion; I should instantly have dismissed him: yes if it gives you the smallest umbrage I shall see him no more.

Child. What mamma, must I see no more my little husband Mr Andrew. Ah, I *know* well what I shall do.

Wife. What wilt thou do?

Child. What will I do? I'll take, some day my best frock, my new shoes, my pretty holiday cap; I'll go to Mr Andrew and

O

tell

tell him, You promised that I should be your little wife Mr Andrew, I am come to marry you. He will take me in his arms, and give me some pretty nose gay—that he had intended for you, and for certain some sweetmeats; then when we are married; all day on his knee, he will make me jump! jump! I shall be pleased and happy; when you come, you will bring me some little cakes; I'll go and give him a share of them. Ah I wish to be married, to see Mr Andrew.

Husband. (to his wife.) If you take not good care of her, little Miss has fine dispositions to become thy rival and to *take the butter of my bread.*

Wife. Ha, that gives me little uneasiness: she must wait several years, before she can come in competition with me as a rival: besides Mr Andrew does not engage my thoughts at all, believe me.

Husband. You would never come to any understanding with him; but mean while he embraces thee—gives thee nosegays—sweetmeats—he—yes, he gives thee pleasure.

Thou

Thou recollectedst what little Miss said without any bad intention surely? and thou.—Hold your tongue, child——Will you hold your tongue, prattler! You were afraid that the indiscretion of her age might carry her too far.

Wife. Would you mind what a child says? I thought you would take it seriously, and that was the reason why I was uneasy at her speaking in that manner.

Husband. But in short, *seriously*, he embraces thee,---gives thee pleasure,——makes thee presents of nosegays, &c.

Child. Yes, mamma, that is true; I have seen it.

Husband. You hear, truth drops from the lips of children.

Wife. Well! It is true; and I'll tell you how; for one must tell you every thing, otherwise you would think of mischief, where there was none. I said to him one day that the roses were beginning to blow, that they gave me the greatest pleasure of any flower. Some days after, this young lad comes with

a bunch of roses in his hand. He is so bashful!——

Husband. He does not seem so bashful neither! But go on.

Wife. In short he had not the courage to present them. I read his wishes in his eyes. I asked him For whom do you intend that nosegay. It will give the lady great pleasure that gets it. ‘It is for you, Madam,’ replied poor Mr Andrews:—‘it is for you that I intend it. The freshness of your bloom will embellish that of those flowers.’ I accepted them, saying ‘Ah what pleasure you give me, my dear Mr Andrews.’ You see clearly there was no harm in all that.

Husband. No; but then he embraced thee? Took thee in his arms?——

Child. Yes, Papa, he embraced me too. Mamma said to him: ‘It is charming’—— For my part, I said to him I love you with my whole heart: but he disobliged me very much by saying to Mamma, ‘Send little Miss to bed’ then.---In truth it was too early.

Wife.

Wife. Whist! Child you don't know what you are saying!—

Husband. 'Send the Child to bed!' He is a man of some precaution: no doubt he wished to—

Wife. To embrace me, and without affecting an unseemly reserve, I could not refuse him—

Husband. I know that—Thou couldest not in conscience refuse a jolly young lad. Besides he is so good!—so bashful!—thou wouldest wish, like a woman acquainted with the world, to make him quite at his ease. His goodness pleased thee; that makes the matter so interesting. Don't talk to me of those young flirts who think that one gains a heart as they do the plate at a horse race. But Mr Andrews—

Wife. I am going to tell thee every thing, for thou wouldest believe that—

Husband. That Mr Andrew loves my wife: that she can not help giving him a kiss, and—

Wife. Hear me then; you shall be judge yourself.

Husband. I listen.—I'm all attention.

Wife. Well! when he had given me the nosegay, he says to me as thus, 'If you would give me leave, Mrs Coarsecloth, I would sing you too couplets which I have made for you.'—'You know, my dear, that I love new songs, and that I have composed some myself, as well as another, here and there, droll enough. My Father was a Poet; not one of those poets that spring up by the dozen, like mushrooms in a night. He exercised my genius in poetry from a very early period.'

Husband. Yes I know that thou hast genius: it was for that I made choice of thee for my wife: and the breed seems not to degenerate: between ourselves, this must be allowed. It was this made our cousin, the Justice of peace, say when he saw little Miss. 'It is astonishing what a genius she has!' No child, at her age, ever had so much penetration. I am not surprized at it; she has it of the family, it is good of kind. But
in

in short, Mr Andrew sung thee his song.
Doeft thou recollect it?

Wife. Yes, certainly : but be not uneasy ;
I replied instantly : I did not like to be in
debt.

Husband. Thou was right, I wish people
to know that the spouse of Mr Coarsecloth
has more genius in her little finger than all
the Palais royal. Come ; sing : to what
tune ?

Wife. To the tune of "*A lovely lass to a
Friar came.*"

My charming fair,
I wish to declare,
A passion sincere and tender ;
At sight of thee,
Quick pitty pattee,
My heart makes a willing surrender :
A single kiss
Would crown my bliss ;
You sure can never refuse it :
My dearest love,
I'll constant prove,
Your favour I'll ne'er abuse it.

'Tis

'Tis you I love,
 All others above.
 Above the richest treasure;
 To hear my fair,
 the same declare,
 Would give me the highest pleasure.
 A single kifs, &c.

Husband. You did not let him languish,
 I hope? Well! what did you answer?

Wife. As I ought, To the same tune.

Sweet Sir, your speech,
 Above my reach,
 I can't well comprehend it;
 A single kifs,
 Such a trifle is,

To every friend we lend it.

A single kifs,
 To crown your blifs,

I sure can ne'er refuse it;

Then prudent prove,

Or else, my love,

My favour you're sure to lose it.

Well is the mystery cleared up now, Mr
 Coarsecloth? This is the history of the nose-
 gay,

gay,—of the pleasure given me,—and of the kifs asked and given. Is there any thing so extraordinary as to put one in a passion? ‘That blackguard distresses me.’ ‘I’ll forbid his coming here.’ ‘You must not see him any more.’

Husband. This alters the case. If you had told me so at first. Ah! it is a very different thing now. It appears quite in a different light. I was wrong; I own it. I wish, on the contrary, that he come often. You will make a combat of genius together. Now then, that will be charming. I shall make songs myself too. I shall shew that a tailor often knows more than cutting plain cloth.

Child. I shall learn to make songs too, for my little husband: shall I not, Mamma?

Husband. Certainly little Miss shall learn: she shall have fine things from her Papa. I recollect you said, I never gave you any; and thy Mamma shall have a pretty hat, for I wish to make peace. All the children shall be satisfied.

Child.

Child. (*jumping for joy*) Mamma, we shall be satisfied; we shall love Papa much. My little cousin Nan; how happy will she be when I tell her all this.

Husband. Aye there now? Mrs Coarse-cloth, let us leave off our quarrels. You gave me two cuffs: I returned them: I paid my debt; we're clear. Let us embrace.

Wife. I should be very sorry! you are too cross.——

Husband. No: you joke. I am not cross, since I'll buy thee a hat.

Wife. (*looking fondly at him*) But—if it it be too dear, my love, I—I would not wish to have it.

Husband. Nothing can be too dear for one's wife, when he loves her.

Wife. That's very handsomely said from a husband: that deserves an embrace.——

Lucifer and Folly did not think proper to be present at the consequences of the conjugal reconciliation. To save his companion the fatigue of passing through the key hole, the Devil knocks at the door. 'I hear some noise,

noise, Mamma,' says the child. 'Thou dreamest,' replied Mrs Coarsecloth. Rap, Rap. 'Do you hear it now?' replied she, 'I am like to die with fear.' Her mother replies, 'Indeed, my dear, I did hear it: somebody knocks at the door.' 'I am going to it,' said Coarsecloth. 'Don't go, my dear, it is some pick-pockets, no doubt; for there is nobody here now but robbers.' 'Ah! never fear,' says the husband, getting a light, and going to open the door, 'were it the Devil himself, a captain of the national guard ought not to be afraid of him. The door being opened, Lucifer makes Folly go out before him, blows out the light, and gives Coarsecloth a hearty box on the ear, saying, 'Here, Captain, receive your pay.'

The tailor, stunned with the blow, goes in, shuts the door on himself, and cries, 'Robbery! Murder! Fire!' His wife and child ask him if he is killed,---if he is dead.— 'No. Mr Coarsecloth has occasion only for a glass of water to restore tranquillity to his
agitated

agitated senses. Being fully come to himself; 'Did you see,' says he, 'how those rogues, who were a dozen in company at least, took to their heels, as soon as they saw my regimentals?' His wife proposed to go to bed. The proposal was agreed to; they got into it. Nothing is better for causing one forget the quarrels and fatigues of the day.

I suppose that more than one of my readers, like myself, seeing too often the Devil at their door, will not be displeased with me for having forgot for a little Mr Lucifer and his fair attendant. If the farce of the tailor appear too long, they will be indemnified for that by the agreeable ideas that the reconciliation of the husband and wife will produce in their minds, and particularly, the pleasure that poor Lisette promises herself in reserve from seeing, without interruption, the pretty lad, Mr Andrew, with whom she can now make songs, with her husband's permission.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

The Devil and Folly fall in with their agents in Paris. Their report on the state of affairs.

THE Devil and Folly get into the garden (*a*) of the Palais-Royal, and there they soon perceive each their principal agent in Paris, waiting them with impatience, walking, on opposite sides of the way, that they might not lose the moment of seeing their master and mistress, so soon as they should appear.

As soon as they observe them, they accost them with joyful heart, and with the most profound respect express in their demeanour walking on all four, till they should say, 'Rise.'

Lucifer presents the claw of his thumb for his servant to kiss, Folly her elbow to her's, who rubbed his hands and knees, and frisked about, and cut capers, like one beside himself for joy. Lucifer's was more se-

P

rious,

rious, and waited, in silence, till he was permitted to speak.

‘I am come,’ says Lucifer, ‘to know myself in what state my affairs are. According to the reports I have received, you have gone beyond the powers assigned you and hurt the interest of my empire. I am told that some people are pleased to call in doubt my existence, and that others who are convinced of the reality of my existence would wish me annihilated. They have had the presumption to say that they would go were it necessary even to my dominions below, to strip me of every badge of royalty.’

‘Great Devil, sovereign of all possible sovereigns,’ replies his minister, ‘it is true many people had begun to speak with too little respect of your Majesty, and seemed really to deny your wonderful activity; but at present, my lord, they are greatly reclaimed from that error, and you could not go into any place without hearing them say, “Surely the Devil has a hand in our affairs. He seems to rule them in concert with Folly.”’

I have

I have already had the satisfaction to hear these observations.' 'But inform me of what is passing at present,' says Lucifer. 'My lord, I shall give your Diabolic Majesty an account of all the steps that I have taken in order to promote your interest.

'From the time that the States General were assembled, I followed my orders with the most scrupulous attention, to prevent the effect that a new order of things might produce, and from which people expected too extensive a reform. Infamia, Folly's prime minister, was sensible how prejudicial that would be to the gaiety of his Sovereign, as well as to your Majesty's interests. I placed those devils which were under my command, and which were abundantly alert and intelligent, about those deputies who were like to have the greatest influence over the majority, who, between ourselves, came there only to gape and stare, and to rise or sit down as the most commodious way of giving their opinion. The agents of Folly found means also to introduce themselves

to most of the individuals that composed this majority:—In short, I sent some into the provinces and caused them to set on foot and establish what they call *Jacobin Clubs*. I caused to be published the Journals of Prudhomme, of Marat, of Carat, of Gorsas, of Noel, of Villette, and of Duhene.

‘ From the beginning, I had the satisfaction to see our political precautions succeed, even beyond our hopes.

‘ You know, my lord, all that passed in the first Assembly: I caused the report of their proceedings to be sent to the regions below. The party that I had formed was opposed; but we had powerful means for accomplishing our purpose, flames, massacres, and pillage; thus the new constitution was established, and the foundations of the monarchy were shaken.—

‘ A second Assembly came to succeed the first. The creatures that composed it, without genius or understanding, stupid as Sans Culottes, had been elected in that class blindly devoted to us, who having nothing to
lose

lose, had every thing to gain. The Deputies of this assembly, wishing to have solely the merit and the honours of a general Reform in the kingdom, began by reforming even the new constitution which they had declared to be the highest effort, and noblest boast of the human understanding; which they had sworn to observe and support, and for which, with wild enthusiasm, they knocked on the head, those who said they were not yet quite clear with regard to the great advantages that would result from it. Hitherto every thing succeeded to our wish, and afforded us pleasure; but I soon saw that personal passions, and ignorance of the art of government, prevailed in this Assembly. These caused the French monarchy to crumble into dust. Royalty was proscribed. They declared war against all sovereigns. They pushed the matter so far as, without any legal trial, to bring their own to the block. Convicted that he was in no respect culpable, they believed it unnecessary to have any formal process. Having resolved and decided upon his

P 3

death,

death, they listened not to the defender of this illustrious, but too unfortunate prince. They had already declared war against all sovereigns. They had had even the boldness to declare that they regarded not the distance between your empire and their's.

‘ When I saw these barbarian blood-stained Legislators setting no bounds to their mad career; halt there said I: that is more than I intended; those villains are more devilish than we are.

‘ I convened a General Council in concert with his Excellency Infania, Folly's prime minister. We judged that it was necessary to stop those proceedings destructive to all regular government. To succeed in our design, there appeared to us no means more probable, politic and certain, than this, that we should cause them pass such decrees as were most likely to cause the people revolt, who had been blinded by a delirium which had given them hopes of liberty without bounds which was quickly to end in the most monstrous licentiousness, and of an
equality

equality incompatible even with a state of nature, much more with the order of civilized society.

‘ They had promised this people that they should swim in abundance: they had persuaded them that they should regard as their enemies those who told them “on the contrary, you shall miserably perish.” Consequently they put them to death. But at present, according to what we had foreseen, and in consequence of the measures which we took, this same people is beginning to give those gentlemen some uneasiness: they will soon give them a drubbing.

‘ In short, my lord, there is not one of your devils, in this country, that has not shewn the greatest possible zeal, and the greatest attention to the duties of his post. There has not a single deputy been left to himself, night or day. In succession, each in his turn, one or other of my agents, and one of those of her Majesty has kept watch over each of them; others have traversed the city and the various departments.’—As
he

he was going on with his report, shouts of 'to the lantern, to the lantern,' were heard: a considerable croud ran to that side of the garden whence the cry came. Lucifer, his companion, and their suite went thither. It was a fellow they were tucking up to the tree of liberty, through a mistake, though he richly deserved hanging at any time. He was a spy in the Assembly's pay. To have an opportunity of gaining the reward promised to every informer. He had made up to a person who seemed thoughtful, and began to talk to him of the times, how much it were to be wished that anarchy were destroyed, and that the allied powers in arms might bring down the heads of the Hydra which devours France. This prudent man answered only by a silent approbation: other spies had listened, and overheard, and not knowing this their associate had believed him an aristocrate;—had immediately laid hold of him, and hung him up. One of his brothers, a Deputy to the Assembly, had recognized him, but too late. Harm watch,
harm

harm catch. Unluckily the proverb is not verified so frequently as I could wish.

Lucifer asks his minister at what hour the Assembly sits that he might go thither. He replies that there are daily two sittings one in the morning, and the other in the afternoon. ‘Till that time,’ says Folly, ‘let us take a turn.’ A red cap, in a shop, caught her eye. ‘What are those caps for?’ says she to her prime Minister; ‘They are all the fashion,’ says he, ‘just now: They are Liberty caps.—They are in fashion: she is a woman and must have one of them.’ Instantly his Excellency goes to steal one. As soon as it was safe in her possession she will have it on. Her head is too big for it. The Devil lends a hand to fit it on, saying *ca ira*. A passenger who saw what they were about, says ‘*ca n’ ira pas*.’—In fact a piece of it was left in the hand of the princess, who concluded that those caps could fit such heads only as have no brains.

The Devil desires her to take notice of a fellow who was very dextrously stealing a
roll

roll of paper out of a Deputy's pocket. It was a parcel of assignats which he was going to get discounted, for he was making ready to set off. The Devil laughs, they say, to see one thief stealing from another.

CHAP.



CHAP. XI.

Conversation of a Merchant, a Colonel, and a Countryman at Paris.

THEY notice three people who were walking and speaking with great warmth. One of them was a Cook become a Colonel; the second a merchant; the third a countryman come to Paris to sell some goods. Their conversation was, *verbatim*, as follows.

Merchant. It must be owned there are many people here, but few of any sort of merchandize buyers: in truth I know not how we shall pay our rents: if times grow no better we must shut shop. Yet if they would live in peace; but no: each day produces fresh disturbances. At present these recruiting parties desolate whole families.

Colonel. How desolate families? It ought on the contrary to give them great pleasure: it is the means of preserving that liberty which the ill-designing wish to destroy,

troy, and which the combined powers threaten: they even dare to disapprove the happy form of government which we have just adopted?

Merchant. It cannot suit a state so extensive as France; and I own that I should prefer a single despot to the thousands that we have actually at present. The tyranny of Nero was never so cruel as that of our Legislators of the day. You talk of liberty---nothing was ever less like it than those prosecutions carried on against those who dare to utter an opinion contrary to that of those despots: never were there so many victims sacrificed to a party spirit. France is dishonoured by the crimes that multiply in it. In future times, it will be almost impossible, to give credit to the faithful record of truth, on the page of that historian who shall dare to relate what passes around us. The picture of the sufferings of France will be too shocking for the sensibility of those
who

who have not seen such scenes of bloody and savage cruelty *.

Colonel. The circumstances of the times required pretty violent measures; but in time, we shall be sensible of the advantages resulting from these.

Merchant. What advantages can you expect from the ruin of all families? Trade is annihilated. The arts have fled to other countries. We are threatened with famine. It will be long, indeed, ere the French Empire regain those advantages which formerly enabled her to hold the balance of Europe.

Q *Colonel.*

* Some robbers under pretence of liberty, having at their head municipal Officers, decorated with the National Uniform, laid hold of M de Guiffin de Montel, a half pay officer, after having burnt his castle, butchered him before the eyes of his wife, and divided among them his dead body. They found those villains, in a tavern, busy devouring the arm of their victim, and getting his shoulder roasted to feast on it, when they should have finished the arm. The Assembly, calling itself national, heard unmoved the recital of these facts even from the mouth of his widow. This took place in 1791; what scenes of cruelty and murder have happened since! The love of Liberty is their pretence, the empire of Reason their boast; but Inhumanity and Impiety are evident in all their proceedings, and mark them as a people devoted to destruction.

Colonel. When we shall have restored peace and order, after having exterminated all those powers who dare to attack us, then we shall enjoy the blessings of the new constitution: the finances will be better managed: the taxes already diminished ought to make us judge of the happiness which would be general, did not the party spirit oppose it, under pretence of certain rights.

Merchant. You mean those of the Clergy and Nobility no doubt. Both these classes had certainly undeniable and imprescriptible rights. The Clergy, whom they have so cruelly stript, possessed (their) riches bestowed by the piety of our ancestors, who did not intend that their donations should be applied to any other purpose than the worship of God and the support of his ministers. The Nobility, who from the establishment of monarchy, were its firmest prop, had acquired their privileges and prerogatives, at the expence of their blood. His country, grateful, for the services of a father, who had died in its defence, rewarded his services,

vices, in the person of his children ; that she might inspire them with the desire of walking in the steps of their progenitor, and that they might be always ready, like him, to fight the enemies of the state. This same nobility which they have wished to destroy, will always subsist, in spite of the decrees passed by Advocates without a cause, by Attornies without conscience, and by Sans Culottes. Supposing Nobility, to be only a matter of opinion, it would suffice that people should only say, This family was once noble, to preserve for ever the opinion of its rank. The empire of Opinion is the most durable and powerful of any upon earth.—You talk to me of taxes diminished; I do not see that to be the case ; for I pay three times what I did formerly ; and my fortune is reduced to one half of what it was, in consequence of the partial bankruptcy arising from the paper currency.

Countryman. Troth, sir, all that is very true, we had in our family a small income of a hundred crowns; with this we lived like

kings sons. At present, with my hundred crowns paid me in your pretty paper (which gives me still some pleasure however in seeing our good kings picture) I have only a kind of scurvy security for fifty. There we be finely off; thanks to all those reforming derangements that have driven to Coblantz all our nobles and many other good folks.

The Lord of our village has followed the example of others to avoid being massacred: his neighbour, the bravest man I ever feed, has done the same. What is the upshot of all this? We has no more the resources that his being here presented us with. If you has occasion for provisions, for corn, for timber, or even for money, he lent us some, and we paid him in winter by working at any little jobs he gave us to do. Was my wife in the straw? My Lady would send us something to make the pot boil, or something warm and nice from her own table. By coming to see us, she added to the pleasure I felt in receiving a chopping boy, or a pretty girl. Alas we shall never see them
again :

again: their castle is burnt. Who will defend us?---Is it the Mayor of our village, a poor peasant like myself. He can neither read nor write; but is this day as proud, nay faith far more haughty, than ever our good lord was. He wishes as how that we should call him Master Nicholas Mare.

Colonel. Why did you make choice of such a fellow?

Countryman. Why?---Faith he paid every one's gill in the gin shop, and got votes that way: people of character would not set foot in those blackguard places as they justly called them.---When a beggar asks him an alms, Marry, dost thou think that the title of Mare brings me any income. He does the nations business gratis, till once they have determined what drink money we shall have.

Colonel. It is not to him folks should address themselves.

Countryman. Who is it then? Is it to our constitutional curate that they should address themselves for relief, and the supply of their wants? we once had a charitable

one; he looked upon us as his dearest friends. He was succeeded by an unfrocked monk who has no longer his fifty pounds a-year to live upon, himself, his wife, children and all; for he does not restrict himself in that point, saying, 'the Assembly grant such indulgencies.' Before the nuptial benediction, he took care to assure himself whether his housekeepers would have any children. Oh it is scandalous, faith!

Colonel. But you have the choice of your curates: it is your business to chuse the most deserving.

Countryman. They tell us all that, as how you shall name them yourselves; but they impose upon us in that as well as in other things: for, Sir, it is our electors, or voters, that names him.—And whom? Their cousin, their friend; in short, he that cabals best. Thus you see every thing goes to our wish. Don't ye see it? Faith the farther matters go thus, the more misery increases, and the more trouble I foresee. That's as clear as sun-shine.

Colonel.

Colonel. Your misery will come to an end: you see already that you pay no more tithes, no taxes on wine, tobacco, or cards; no more custom for entering cities; we have the hope of accomplishing every thing, unless we throw some obstacle in the way of our happy constitution in its infancy;---justice gratis; no revenue officers; they were worse than highway robbers.

Countryman. Faith, you must be well paid by the nation for telling people such stories to lull them asleep on their legs. We do not pay tithes? Who gains by that? The proprietors, no doubt, who pay as much some other way; and then many lived by farming these tithes, and brought up their little families among us. What I paid to our curate did not distress me. If there was a good crop, it was so much the better for him; if it was a bad one, I was sorry for it, that was all; but at present we must pay, so much in money-----There is no longer any tax on tobacco. I make a present of my part of it to you that use it; yet though
I cannot

I cannot use it, I must pay so much a year to make up the produce of the suppressed tax. The same may be said with respect to cards. Who should pay that tax? The players. I play only at bowls, and yet I must pay for cards. The impost or entry into cities fell on the consumers. The impost on wine, I must pay as high for it as any: the merchant alone gains by that. Justice gratis! well this is as false as the rest. Each process costs as much again. I must pay fine salaries to our pretty judges. Who paid them before? The parties. At present he that does not go to law at all must pay as well as those who do. The intendants (*b*) abused their power sometimes to repair their castles rather than the roads. There were some of them, I have heard our Baillie say so, who knows a great deal. 'But,' said this brave man, 'our Intendant, the expence of collecting the taxes included, cost the province about seven thousand pounds. It has been divided into two departments, each of which pays the intendant about fourteen thousand.

thousand. There were thirty-two provinces; judge of our savings. Instead of, from five to six millions of livres,' said the Bailie, 'we must reckon at least twenty-eight millions of livres; and our roads, instead of being repaired, are still growing worse.

As to the pretence of gaining every thing I give no credit to such dreams. It is well if our grand-children ever see them realized; or these sons of W—s or those of the Monopolisers, who with their money will become the greatest men of the nation. Fie upon it. And as our brother the corporal says, I would rather be commanded by our own Lord, than by those upstarts who are always haughty and overbearing. And don't you see those clownish scoundrels who have risen from nothing, and are become something. By our Lady, they look upon us as nothing. I grant,' said our Baillie, 'that merit is preferable to quality: but, when merit is equal on both sides, a gentleman should have the preference.'

Merchant.

Merchant. He is in the right. Things cannot continue as they are. This same Noblesse which they have wished to destroy, has acquired new claims to our respect and gratitude, by generously devoting itself, rather than join the madness of the mob. * History has no parallel to the conduct of our nobility. All Europe cannot refuse them its admiration and esteem, though it shews not that generous interest and concern that the nobility of France would have shewn to foreign nobility that had endured like hardships.

Colonel. Your late nobility drew upon themselves their disgraces, as they were unwilling

* How far the French nobility shewed their generosity by devoting themselves, or were justified by the sacrifice they made, or whether the necessity of the times compelled them to emigrate; or whether by braving the danger they might have weathered the storm; or if by an excusable degree of simulation, they might have remained in the country, may be reckoned problems of difficult solution: but however they may be decided, there can be no doubt that by going abroad, they quitted the post they were bound to defend, and that where their exertions might have been of service.

willing to profit by the favours of the new government, which is now preparing for France everlasting prosperity and renown.

Merchant. Say rather—Which is now preparing for France ruin and misery to which none can fix any limit of time or extent. Beheld with horror by all the nations for her crimes, and on account of the murder of the best of kings, she can expect nothing but vengeance human and divine. Mr Colonel, I can assure you, I have spoken nothing but the truth.



C H A P. XII.

*Lucifer and Folly visit the National Convention.
Proceedings there.*

THE minister of his infernal Majesty informed him that it was time to go to the assembly. Lucifer and Folly agree to go thither. Being arrived, he seats himself on the tribune for harangues, she by the president. The majority of the Deputies were already in the house. How much was Lucifer surprised, at seeing people, who proclaim themselves to all Europe, as Legislators composing an august assembly, appear in general in the most indecent manner. Says Folly, ‘this is rather like a blackguard oyster cellar, than a place suitable for the representatives of a great nation. Those people have the looks of ragamuffians, of tipplers, or of Highwaymen, met to divide the spoil of those they have robbed.’

The

The sitting commences. The president announces the order of the day, which was the following question proposed for the decision of the sitting; ‘ Shall we massacre all those who differ from us in opinion? or shall we be satisfied with locking them up in perpetual imprisonment?’ Deputy Collot d’Herboit, formerly comedian at the Hague, had, from the tribune, proposed this efficacious decree. Danton, formerly a scurvey attorney, wished only that they would be a little more attentive to *method* in their proceedings, and that they would put under arrest all those who had the indiscretion to wish the Convention deprived of that power which it had usurped. The Sans Culottes of the galleries support Collot’s motion, roaring aloud like famished tygers. They were well nigh preventing the sitting by their clamours, when they heard that Danton’s motion had been carried after several debates. Lucifer perceived several Deputies threatening each other with their fists, and

R

with

with their canes ; others with pistols in their hands justified the purity of their intentions.

Some came to announce to the Assembly, that the army of the Royalists had repulsed the Sans Culottes sent against them, and that they had already taken several places. Fury, rage, and confusion convulsed the Assembly. You might have heard them on all sides declaring that it was necessary to constrain all that could march to take arms, and go to fight the rebels. If we would not wish to reign over ruins and dead bodies, let us not lose time in debate. If any one dispute our commands let him die on the spot.

‘ My lord,’ says the infernal minister to the great Devil, ‘ It is in this furious manner that all their decrees have been past, and those people, that you see in the galleries are hired by a party in the Assembly, to determine, by their threats, the decrees opposed by the party who are less blood-thirsty than themselves. Your Majesty must no doubt contemplate with pleasure ample

ple provision of fire-brands for hell. Your Majesty sees that I have not without reason boasted of the assiduity of all the devils that you have entrusted to my command. You will see them attending each Deputy, and crowding the galleries. The agents of his Excellency Infamia are equally entitled to your approbation.

Lucifer testifies his astonishment at the indecency of this Assembly, and says to his minister, 'I believed the agents of Folly have, in truth, had too much influence, and have not had policy enough to conduct to the aim intended the affairs that we had proposed.' 'My lord,' replies the minister, 'the more foolish things we shall do, the more we will embarrass those mad-caps: and I hope those enemies of royalty will soon receive their pay at your Majesty's different offices. That is to say, they shall receive such a reward as those have had who have gone before them.'

'I approve the steps you have taken, and consequently appoint you to retain your of-

fice here, till the end of the National Convention, I intimate my pleasure to all the Devils: I am going to cause Folly to adopt my ideas.—

Thus, Dear Readers, you see the Great Devil and Folly have taken the permanent direction of the National Assembly: be not surpris'd, then, if every thing goes to the mischief. They will continue in the same train, till Justice and Reason resume their Rights. Time and Patience are the necessary means of cure for our disorders.

Some may be disposed to enquire, How has the Author got intelligence of all the particulars that he thus relates with such confidence as undoubted facts? I shall only say, that, some time ago, the devil which lulls me asleep, and which, however, is not one of the worst of the infernal tribe, gave me the story in manuscript. He has promised me another memoir relative to Lucifer's return to hell. I shall communicate it, also, if this have the good fortune to amuse you for a little. The circumstances of
the

the story will be more agreeable and prosperous. I shall have nothing to say that any one can impute to you as implying serious consequences. You will then read my story aloud to the family, and will say with me that the Devil is not always at the poor man's door. But let us forget him, to shout, "Long live the King—God save the King! The King and the Constitution for ever! Huzza! (d)

THE END.



NOTES.

Note A. Page xii.

Cartouche, a noted pick-pocket.

Mandrin, a famous smuggler, or dealer in contraband goods, who had a gang of about eighty followers, and vended his goods by force, obliging people to buy and pay him, whether they wanted the goods or not.

Note D. Page 46.

The French grandees, like the ancient Romans, with respect to the images of their illustrious ancestors who had been raised to offices of state, counted the degrees, or quarters, of their nobility, by the number of generations that their family had enjoyed the title. This Gentleman, reckoning after this manner, boasts of sixteen degrees of nobility.

ib. An Abbe.

Note

Note E. Page 47.

Copy of a letter to the Translator.

Dear Sir,

You ask me what rank and consequence what they call an Abbe is in the Roman Catholic countries. Having lived so long among them, and seen so many of them, I think I can give you pretty ample and authentic information on that head. Any person who designed one or more of his children, for the church, having given previous intimation of his intention to the grand vicar or his substitute, could, at a certain time of the year appointed by the bishop of the diocese, present them, from the age of ten to twenty, before the bishop, in the Cathedral church, from which they went in procession through the streets of the city, and having returned to the church, they were there consecrated by the bishop, who, with a pair of scissars cut a little of the hair from the crown of the head of each of them. They then return home and get about the
size

size of a crown piece on the top of the head carefully shaven by a barber. You might every year see thirty, forty, or fifty boys about ten or twelve years of age, in this manner invested with the name of Abbe, strutting through the streets so proud of it, that they would not answer when called by their own name, without the addition of Monsieur l'Abbe, but would look upon you with an air of contempt, and with a sneering smile say, Go along.—At the age of eighteen they go to some seminary, and in three years pass through that course of education thought necessary to qualify them for the priesthood. At the age of twenty one and a day, they get into priests orders; that is to say get, a licence to go through the country imposing upon credulous people saying masses, or reading some latin psalms which frequently they understood nearly as little of as their audience.—Some of these petty Abbés were appointed sometimes to be vicars, that is, to act under the curate of the parish, with the large income of three hundred livres, or
twelve

twelve pounds ten shillings. The curate himself had only about the double of that sum, or sometimes thirty pound, called *portion congrue*, which was commonly paid by the Lord of the Manor. Bishops, canons, monks, or others for whom the tithes were gathered, were called *gros decimateurs*.—— Some were appointed residentiary Abbés in cathedrals or collegiate churches, to the number of twenty, thirty, or forty in each: in the cathedral of *Notre Dame*, in Paris, there were no less than two hundred; these were obliged to sing latin psalms and hymns, and to be present at morning prayers at four or five o'clock, or lose their six, seven, or eight pence, which was distributed among them by another Abbe, during the time of divine service. They generally attended because few of them had any thing else to live upon but this paltry pittance. The fat canons, who enjoyed great revenues, had also the name of Abbés; but were highly displeased if they were not designed *Monsieur le chanoine*.

After

After these come *The High and Mighty* Abbés, strutting almost equal to the Bishops themselves, and making as great a figure as the latter, their income being nearly equal, from twenty to two hundred, thousand livres, that is from eight hundred and thirty, to eight thousand three hundred and thirty pounds Sterling. But these large livings were generally bestowed on arch-bishops, or bishops, to enable them to have brilliant equipages, and keep some young nieces, who become their nurses at a more advanced age.

The High Dignified Abbés, that is, those who were possessed of an Abbey, and were called Abbés Commendataires, were commonly superiors of the several convents of the orders of St Benedict, Bernard, Domini, &c. chosen by the monks, appointed by the King, and approved by the Pope.

There were still some other kinds of Abbés, that deserve to be particularly noticed. — Rome, and all the other large cities in Roman Catholic countries, swarm with Abbés,

bes, or tonsured priests, who instead of being useful to either church or state, are very hurtful to both, as well as to private families and nunneries, as they commit with impunity and unblushing effrontery mean actions, which a street porter in this country would be ashamed to be guilty of. In all great houses in France, there was formerly an Abbe, who was called in derision *l'ami*-our friend, just as we give the name of *Cesar* to that useful animal a *dog*. This *friend* was neither more nor less than an upper servant, who had the care and oversight of the rest, who were in livery. He was the obliging and submissive slave of my *Lady*; assisted at her toilet; superintended her house and family; and directed abroad the affairs of my *Lord*. Those crying animals rendered themselves more or less useful according to their own interests; endeavoured to have the ear of their patrons; and flattered their prejudices and passions for years: They, in their turn, always found some means or other to get their names inserted in the *Feuille des benefices*,

benefices, or list of the vacant livings and candidates. Waiting a living, they had a good table, and enjoyed those advantages and conveniencies that an opulent family furnished them with. In families of some importance, Abbés were sometimes entrusted with the tuition of children, though most of them were too like the uncle of Gil Blas.—There used also to be seen galloping through the streets of Paris, and other large cities in France, *Petits Freluquets*, or little coxcombs, who usurped, with impunity, the dignified rank of Abbé, wore a black velvet coat after the Prussian fashion, not unlike sailors' Jackets, with gold buttons, and each his hat under his arm, his head well powdered and frizzed, with hair put up in curls, softening their voices and mincing their words with the most effeminate airs. In Rome too, any body assumed the name and dress of an Abbé whenever he pleased, without having been either tonsured or shaved, as formerly, in Paris a Hair-dresser or a *valet*, could assume the title of Marquis, though most frequently they

they assumed that of a Baron or Chevalier. I fancy you will have thought me sufficiently tedious on such a trifling subject; but if the information conveyed in it satisfies your curiosity, I am satisfied, and am,

Dear Sir, Your's,

A. B.

Note F. Page 48.

The satire here intended is in danger of being lost to those who have never had an opportunity of seeing the greasy frocks of the capuchins. Such people can have no idea how shockingly disagreeable they are. Their character and conduct are not more engaging than their dress. Hypocrisy and sedition, in whatever dress they may appear, are proper subjects of satire, that they may be exposed to the detestation of all the wise and virtuous part of society.

G. *This letter put in by mistake.*

Note H. Page 72.

The satire here falls only on the vicious and ignorant, who follow that profession; but by no means applies to the virtuous and

S

learned,

learned, who from a temporary embarrassment in their affairs, may have recourse to that mode of being serviceable both to themselves and others. The former class are worthy of being exposed, could one tell whether they or their employers are most to blame. When the Emperor of Germany prohibits all the natives of France from being instructors of youth, his indiscriminate censure of French maxims and manners, gives not the most favourable idea, either of his humanity or of his good sense.

I. *This letter put in by mistake.*

Note K. Page 80.

The reader will consider this as no unnatural flight of fancy, whatever he may think of the savage custom that gave rise to it, when informed that in France, even before the commencement of their late barbarities, it was the custom to rip up those that had been gibetted, after they had hung a day or two, for the purpose of taking out their fat to make candles of: a practice marking in such strong colours the wretchedness and brutality.

brutality of the lower class of people, as would exceed the bounds of credibility in a civilized nation, were it not well attested by those who have been eye witnesses of the fact.

Note L. Page 80.

The author seems to be well acquainted with the dogma of some refiners in Theology, who assert that this will be the fate of all the wicked in a future world.

Note M. Page 83.

This fellow, at the instigation of the Jesuits, attempted to assassinate Louis XV. and was tortured, and drawn *limb from limb*, by four stout horses harnessed and yoked on purpose.

Whether Roberspierre be really a nephew of his, the Translator hath not been able to learn, but surely the author deserves credit for marking their relationship, from the atrocity of their crimes: some indeed may be disposed to think that the latter, having far surpassed the former in wickedness, deserves a punishment infinitely more severe, could that be devised. It is possible, though hardly probable, that he may meet with

that even in this world. The torture of red hot pincers, melted lead, and tearing at horse tails, lasted only one hour and a half, when the obdurate spirit left the mangled body, and released the wretch from suffering.

It is said that Joseph, late Emperor of Germany, having seen in one of his walks, the preparations going forward for an execution, enquired the crime and circumstances, and being informed that the criminal was condemned to be broken on the wheel for having murdered his father, he gave orders to stop the execution, promising to find a more severe and suitable punishment for the wretch, who had imbrued his hands in a father's blood. Accordingly he caused a chair to be made for him, which did not admit his rising from the spot, or turning his face to either side, and gave orders that he should be confined in this chair in a solitary cell, with the head of his murdered father placed full in his view; and that to prolong his sufferings, he should be furnished with all the necessaries of life. Some years
of

of imprisonment afforded leisure for repentance, though it was impossible to make reparation. Whenever Roberspierre comes to suffer, whether soon or late, we may assure ourselves, his punishment will be capital; but it is not at all probable that the rage of popular fury will refine so much, and act with such deliberation in wreaking their vengeance on his guilty and devoted head.

The following more particular account of Damiens crime and punishment may be agreeable to those who have not before heard of either.

Damien was a wretch, pitched upon as a fit instrument for the diabolical purpose of murdering his sovereign, Louis XV, by the Jesuits and a certain great personage who was at that time entirely devoted to their interest. Their object was to get the reins of government into their hands. This wretch attempted to effect his murderous design one day that the king was coming down the great stair at Versailles. A great croud of people were assembled at the time. As

the king was going to step into his coach surrounded by his life guards, Damien found means to make his way through the croud, and even to get in before the guards. He then approached the king and stabbed him on the left side, with a sharp knife made for the purpose, not unlike a filetto, used by the Italians, when they wish treacherously to murder an enemy. It happening to be in winter, the King wore at the time, beside his velvet blue coat, two vests of the same. These prevented, in a great measure, the knife to go so deep as the regicide intended. The King, feeling the murderous steel, cried, I am wounded. Every body looked instantly on all sides to discover the murderer, but could not pitch upon him, when the King looking about, and perceiving Damien with his hat on, cried, There's the man that stabbed me.—When the King, or any of the Royal family, appeared in public, every one was obliged to take off his hat, but Damien's agitation was so great that he had not the presence of mind to attend to
that

that part of the ceremonial. Hence he was discovered by the King, and instantly laid hold of and carried to the Conciergerie, one of the four great prisons in Paris.— During his trial, which was brought on very soon, he was put to the most excruciating torture, to make him confess who had induced him to murder his King; but he would make no discovery. He was then condemned by the Parliament of Paris.— His execution was as follows: On the day appointed, a scaffold about two feet high was erected in the place of execution, called *Place de Greve*, with a St Andrews cross upon it. The criminal, after having made the *Amende honorable*, (that is, having been conducted, with a large wax torch in his hand, to the principal gate of the cathedral, and obliged to fall on his knees and ask pardon of God, of the King and of men,) was brought to the scaffold and stripped by four executioners, who stretched his body upon the cross and made him fast to it, while three or four of their valets were busy
in

in boiling a mixture of lead, sulphur, pitch and iron. The Executioner of Paris then took the knife with which he stabbed the king, pierced his right hand, and then cut it off with a hatchet. Next he took red hot pincers and tore off, one after another, his breasts, the flesh of his arms, thighs, and the calves of his legs, meantime one with an iron laddle, poured some of the boiling composition into each wound. The Executioner had also brought on purpose four stout young horses that had never been broke, each limb of the criminal was strongly tied after he had been loosed from the cross. Four *valets* at the same time took the bridles of the horses, while as many others were whipping them behind, to drive them off different ways. But after four pulls, being unable to quarter the criminal, who was of an uncommonly robust make, the Executioner of Paris waved his hat as a token that he begged leave to speak to the President and the other judges who were present to see that the execution was performed according.

ding to the sentence. Leave was granted them. He then told them that it was impossible for his horses to quarter him as he was so strong. He was then ordered to cut off his limbs. He expired only upon cutting off the right thigh. During the whole execution, which lasted an hour and a half, he never uttered a single cry. There were two priests, one on each side, continually exhorting and urging him to confess who had instigated him to commit such a horrid crime; but all was in vain: the only words that he spoke, were ‘Beware of Monseigneur le D——.’

Such a savage and barbarous punishment, inflicted even on a regicide, is shocking to humanity, and would lead one to conclude that the so much boasted politeness of this highly polished people was only like the fawning of a tyger. Their practice of breaking every bone of a murderer with a bar of iron, on the wheel: the Executioner setting a foot on each shoulder of such as were hanged, and the seeming pleasure that even the fair sex took in seeing such scenes, all tend
to,

to mark the national character of a cruel people. But whatever be the character of any people, or of any profession, there are still many virtuous and humane characters of individuals, as exceptions to the general rule.

Note N. Page 86.

In this part of Germany, processions are more frequent than in any other country in the world. Some of them travel above sixty miles, and consist of not less than two thousand persons.

Note O. Page 89.

The above is only the real history of what happened to the author at this very place.

Note P. Page 92.

In the original, 'were playing at Trenty & un, *thirty-one*, a game of chance, at cards,' (in which the players receive each three cards, one by one: an ace counts eleven, and each honour ten)

TRENTE & UN.

This game, like many others, such as *vingt et un* and *Brelan*, was strictly prohibited in Paris and other well regulated cities, as having been hurtful to thousands of young gentlemen.

gentlemen who lost their whole fortune in less than half an hour, or even in ten minutes. But certain persons of quality, or sharpers rather, having themselves fallen victims to this infamous practice, strove to support themselves on the ruin of others, by keeping *Gaming houses*, commonly called, in Paris, *Academies*; but, by people of sense, *Tripots*.—The nature of the game is this: Any number of persons may play at this game. The dealer, after having shuffled the cards, and given the pack to his left-hand neighbour to cut, gives three cards to each, one at a time. The banker, or he who deals, must have a sufficient stock of money, to double whatever each person stakes. Every player is at liberty to stake whatever sum he pleases. A single ace counts eleven—if the same person have more of them in his hand, the rest count only one a-piece:—each honour as King, Queen, and Knave, counts ten. If any of the players have the number *Thirty-one* in his three cards, he shews them, and the banker is obliged to pay him twice the sum staked. The same rule is to be observed

served by the players to the banker. But if none of the players have the number Thirty-one, and that he who is first in hand has got, in his three cards, a low number, such as 22, 23, 24, &c. then he asks of the dealer another card, or even more, to endeavour to make up his number: But if the card drawn exceeds thirty-one, then his stake goes to the banker. If the next in hand have a high number, 27, 28, 29, &c. for fear he should exceed, he may say, 'Content,' and so of the rest. The banker is also at liberty, if he have a low number, to draw one or more cards; but if the card he draws makes his number exceed Thirty-one, every player wins his sum staked.

Note Q. Page 108.

None could do the most menial office about a glass-house for making bottles, formerly in France, without a title. The workmen were all poor noblemen.

Note R. Page 114.

The reader does not need to be told, that the ass, raised to the rank of a horse, alludes to the levelling of all ranks in France.

Note

Note S. Page 117.

The wit in this passage depends on a play of fancy on the French words Mere and Pere; the words Mayor and Mother having in French the same sound. It is much to be wished that the author had taken a better subject than Bailly, whatever we may think of him as a Politician, as an Astronomer, he was certainly a very respectable character: but it has long ago been observed, that not even friendship is sacred, when wit, ever upon the watch, sees an opportunity to raise a laugh.

Another objection lies against the passage. That personal defects, or infirmities, or oddities, are not proper subjects of satire; though they have always been laid hold of, and ever will, when respect for the character cannot protect them; or rather when a character otherwise ridiculous brings them forward to view.

Note T. Page 120.

Husbands and wives in Paris were wont to bear with one another's failings: but besides 'to bear one on one's shoulders,' is a

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French

French idiom to say, 'that he cannot bear the sight of such a person.'

Note U. Page 130.

In such circumstances what confidence repose in each other? Dissimulation and duplicity become necessary in these situations; yet even these cannot save from destruction. Such are the fatal effects of civil commotions!

Note X. Page 131.

It might be necessary to inform some of our readers, that the streets in Paris are in general strait, and cannot admit of any side pavement for foot passengers. These were under the disagreeable necessity of making their way through the mud amidst carriages of all kinds, in danger to be trodden down every moment, while those who rode in carriages might drive along full speed, and were not answerable for the consequences, if they only, from time to time, cried, 'Gare.' Perhaps this expression may have been long ago used thus, Gare y vous, and may have given rise to Garde les, usually explained, Gardez loup.

Note

Note Y. Page 137.

One is at a loss sometimes to account for the uncouth and indistinct cries of great cities. Those that use them are too ignorant of every thing but their own immediate concerns, ever to think of enquiring into their origin, or attempting to explain them. In Paris the cry is *a la carpe*, &c. could the residence of the French in Scotland introduce like cries in Edinburgh and its vicinity, *a la caller Oysters! a la caller Herring-*

Note Z. Page 144.

Pethion may seem to have followed the advice here given him, but Brissot himself, with many others at different times, have been brought to the block, since the above was written.——

Note a. Page 169.

The garden of the Palais Royal is a great square, with porticoes and shops, much resorted to as a public walk.

Note b. Page 188.

The Intendants were receivers general of the taxes of the provinces in which they resided. Each province had its Intendant,

having others under him, who collected the money for him, which he received from them and paid into the Treasury.

Note d. Page 197.

It may happen that some serious people may object, both against this species of writing, of which the Visions of Quivedo and the Diable Boiteux are the most considerable, and also against the present application of it. 'The empire of Darkness,' say they, 'and infernal spirits, ought never to be mentioned to excite mirth and gaiety: they are naturally, and ought ever to be considered as objects of horror and aversion:—whatever tends to render their names familiar, has a tendency to lessen our aversion to vice, and to diminish that horror which it ought ever to excite in the virtuous mind. Even the heathen of old had their nefanda, things accounted too shocking to be mentioned. This is also the case with the more virtuous and serious part of the vulgar, even in our own country. Their simple and unbiassed judgment will tell you, that the misery of the damned, and the sentiments of devils,

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are no-wise fit subjects for exciting mirth and levity, which are too apt, of themselves, to spring up in youthful minds, as their natural and spontaneous produce, and to seduce them from a sober and just way of thinking.

Besides, not to carry the argument too far, the subject to which, in the present case, this sort of ridicule is applied, is too shocking to humanity, ever to be mentioned with a smile. The daring impiety, injustice and cruelty of the French nation ought rather to excite sentiments of aversion and horror, of mourning and distress: The mild and benevolent spirit of our religion should excite us to pity, and to pray for the inhabitants of that unhappy country, that if it be possible, they may be yet reclaimed from the error of their way, and escape the vengeance they are at present drawing down on their guilty and devoted heads. A regard for our own interest and safety also, ought to alarm and make us serious, when we reflect that every thing sacred is made the object of profane mirth and derision; when we consider that all the restraints established
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by religion and legal government, are attempted to be removed; when a torrent of vice and licentiousness threatens to deluge all the kingdoms of Europe, and utterly to extinguish the virtue and happiness of its inhabitants, is this a time for mirth and ridicule? If you were called to stop the progress of devouring flames, while they threatened the destruction of a rich and populous city, of your own house and family, would you, instead of serious thought and active exertion, indulge yourself, or endeavour to entertain others, with jest and merriment? Away with such ill-timed mirth! Let not such absurd conduct be heard of.——

Such are the objections that may be offered; to all which it may not be an easy matter to give satisfactory answers, at least such answers as will satisfy every one. But in the first place, the Author and Translator have to observe, that they entertain no sort of respect for the Devil: that, however some pious and well disposed persons may advance him to the rank of a sort of malevolent Divinity, and extol his dominion and power, setting,

setting him up as the rival of the Almighty, they wish not to join in such idolatrous worship:—They would also observe, that the effect produced on the mind, from the perusal of an author, depends very much on the natural character and disposition of the reader: it has been said that the wasp and the bee feed on the same flower, but extract very different juices. Whether mirth or melancholy be more friendly to virtue, they pretend not to decide. This world is a mixed scene. The evil that prevails in it might prove a never failing source of sorrow, to such as would wish to contemplate only black and gloomy scenes: but it may become a question, what effect this would have on the minds of such as should give themselves up to it? Whether it would promote universal benevolence, and render them more extensively useful to others, and more happy in themselves? Whether it would not rather tend to overcloud and darken the understanding, and derange the faculties. Whence arose the terrors of witchcraft, of possession and demons? Religion and superstition ought
never

never to be confounded. Let the former ever be held sacred : let the latter shrink in the presence of ridicule guided by reason. It were easy to bring a defence of this species of writing from the sacred scriptures, were it proper to introduce them to settle literary disputes ; but we shall only refer those readers who harshly condemn it, to pious legends of “ wars with Devils, and Satan’s invisible world.”

Let those who are sensible of the happiness they enjoy, be grateful ; gratitude will dispose them to be cheerful : let them pity the excesses they cannot prevent ; if a little pleasantry can prevent a madman from setting houses on fire, or cutting people’s throats, let it not be accounted a crime : let them beware of becoming the dupes of those who would rob them of what they ought ever to hold most dear. That they may have a title to laugh at the folly of others, let them shew themselves wise : let them be upon their guard : the visits of wickedness and Folly are not confined to any one country.

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